MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE #84 $7.95

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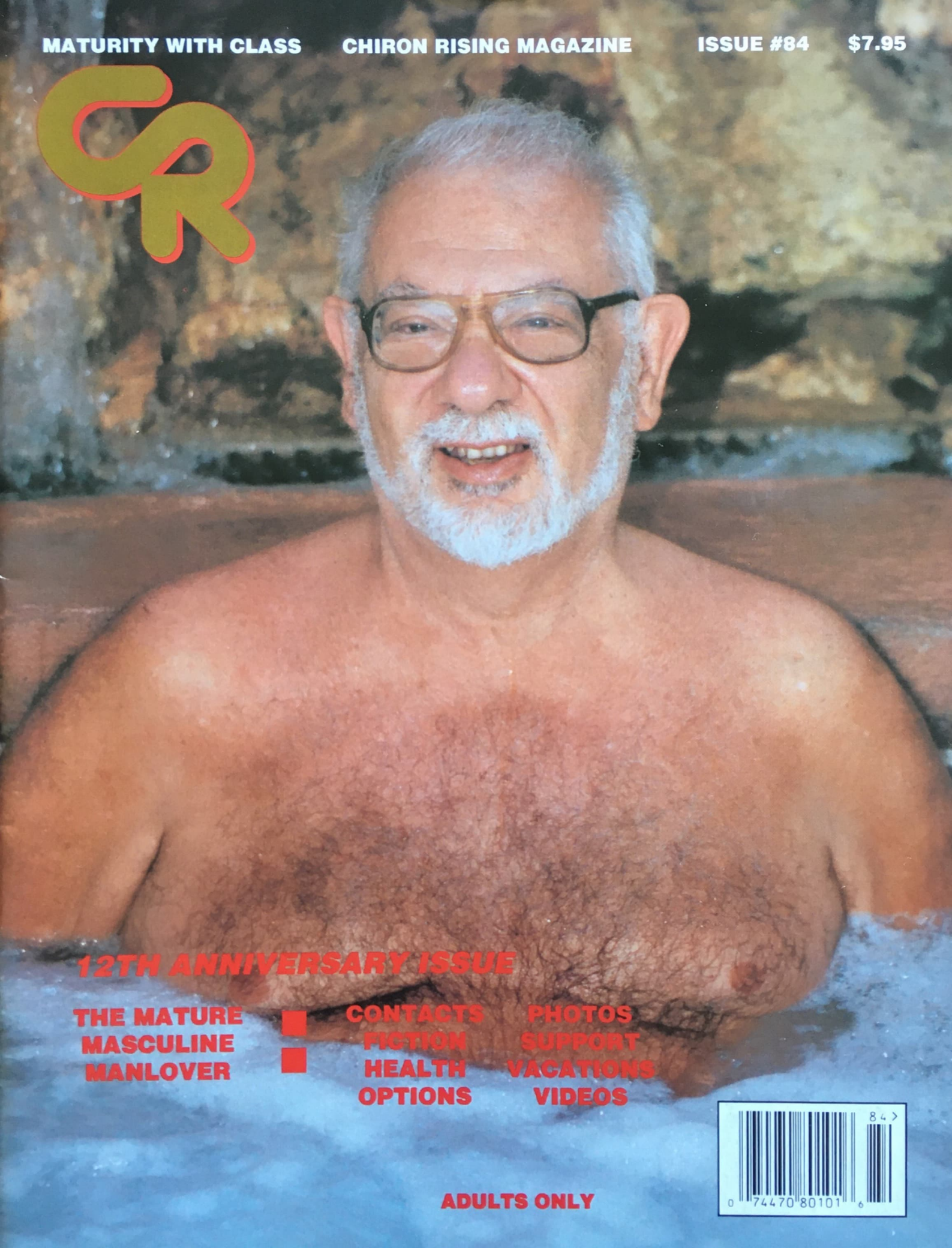

12TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

THE MATURE
MASCULINE
MANLOVER

CONTACTS
FICTION
HEALTH
OPTIONS

PHOTOS
SUPPORT
VACATIONS
VIDEOS

ADULTS ONLY

0 74470 80101 6 84

DAN BEAR

photoman

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

MODELS

FRONT COVER - **PAPA BEAR**: 68, 5'-9", 230#, Russian River Area of California, in an open relationship with BABY BEAR. He is one of our icons: beloved father of the gatherings, excellent writer and speaker, and all around big cheese. Do not miss this man's workshop in San Diego.

PAGE 2 - **DAN BEAR**: 47, 5'-8", 210#, Montreal, in an open relationship. Likes biking, watching television, traveling, beach. Looking for husky men, hairy, horny, for nice experiences.

PAGE 14 - **SOUTH CAROLINA BEAR LOVER**: 26, 5'-11", 175#, Greenville, SC, single. Likes staying home, long walks, candlelit dinners, sunny afternoons. Looking for serious relationship with a professional bear guy, heavy-set and ready to settle down.

PAGE 15 - **GAYFEATHER**: 41, 6 ft., 200#, Michigan, in an open relationship. Likes music, sports, photography, antiques, flower gardening, and nudity. Looking for friends first and foremost, sincere GWM, 50+, hairy and heavyset. Penpals too.

PAGE 16 - **WAG**: 53, 6'-1", 235#, Minnesota, in an open relationship. Likes warm weather, nudism, reading, movies. Looking for friends, 50 or older, to share my hot tub.

PAGE 17 - **PIGWEED**: 44, 5'-7", 155#, Mid-south-central Illinois, single. Likes friends who are not hung up on themselves and respect privacy. Looking for mature men, 50 to ?, uncut (he's cut), hairy chests (bald is okay), not really heavy. Hoping to hear from veterans.

PAGE 27 - **HANSRUDOLF**: 35, 181 cm, 110 kg, Zunzgen, Switzerland, in an open relationship. Likes nudism, hiking, swimming, gymnastics, volleyball, camping, music. Looking for men with open minds and hairy chests for pen-friends and more.

PAGE 28 - **JIMBO**: 65, 5'-10", 220#, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, in an open relationship. Likes travel, cooking, theatre, collecting autographs. Looking for 25 to 50, thin. <JBeck21284@aol.com>

PAGE 29 - **MR. CHIPS**: 51, 5'-6", 190#, Florida, single. Likes movies, music, computers, nudism. Looking for 50+ daddy.

PAGE 30: **ROBERT WILLIAM**: 57, 1.75m, 72 kg, Holland, single. Likes travel, beach, Indonesian cooking, gardening, dogs, walking, and dancing. Looking for nonsmoking man, 40-60+, hairy body, honest, good heart, for friendship and possible long-term relationship.

PAGE 31: **PATRICK**: 59, 6'-4", 295#, Akron, Ohio, single. Likes swimming, horses, travel, good music. Looking for friendships. **SKIP**: 60, 5'-8", 200#, Phoenix, single. Likes candlelight evenings, camping, cooking, traveling. Looking for professional, slender, 34-48, romantic, clean-shaven, nonsmoking, no drugs, HIV negative for monogamous relationship.

PAGE 32 - **PER & WARREN**: 48/60, 5'-10"/6'-1", 170#/260#, Phoenix, in an open relationship. Warren likes younger, muscular men. Per likes older, heavier. **HAIRY CUB**: 44, 5'-11", 160#, South Florida, in an open relationship with ALWAYS READY. Likes travel and nude sun bathing. Looking for fun times. **BEACH BRIAN**: 44, 5'-11", 175#, Northern California, in a closed relationship with San Francisco Jack. Likes cinema, nudism, evenings by the fire. **BENNIE**: 71, 5'-6", 235#, Florida, in an open relationship with model SY. He says he likes anything alive and breathing, but seeks only friendships.

PAGE 33 - **CUBBY**: 34, 5'-9", 195#, Phoenix, single. Looking for relationship with tall, older, hairy, masculine bear types, 40-60. **SAN FRANCISCO JACK**: 67, 5'-8", 160#, Northern California, in a closed relationship with BEACH BRIAN. Likes nude beaches, films, gourmet cooking.

PAGE 34 - **BATAVIA**: 29, 5'-10", 160#, Queens, NY, single. Likes sports, travel, movies, dance. Looking for 30s, 40s, healthy, honest, for relationship. **ALWAYS READY**: 52, 5'-6", 215#, South Florida, in an open relationship with HAIRY CUB. Likes nudism, and looking for fun. **SMOOTHY**: 27, 5'-3", 132#, Lowell, MA, single. Likes workouts, travel, sports, fishing. Looking for 65-70, nice and clean, for lover, long-term friendship. **LOGAN**: 56, 5'-7", 170#, Georgia, single. Likes sports, outdoors, gardening, theater. Looking for masculine lifemate, 40-63, who is fun, has a sense of humor and is honest.

PAGE 41 - **BUNS OF STEEL**: 50, 5'-8", 165#, Michigan, single. Likes sports, movies, theatre, traveling, and being a bottom. Looking for nonsmoking, trim top, 55-70, any race, for lifemate.

PAGE 46 - **BIG DAVE**: 58, 5'-11", 182#, Toronto, single. Likes eclectic living. Looking for buffed body-builder bottoms. <irwin@netcom.ca> <http://www.netcom.ca/~irwin>

PAGE 49 - **PEGASUS**: 25, 5'-8", 156#, Queens, NY, single. Likes travel, movies, dance music, computers, and older men. Looking for healthy, affectionate, honest, sincere, discreet older man, 50+, for lover.

PAGE 53 - **TONTALAYA**: 65, 5'-10", 220#, West-central Florida, single. Likes beach, theater, movies, travel, cuddling, hugging, touching. Looking for slim, 35+, sincere, honest, caring, loving, HIV negative, nonsmoking, light drinker for friendship or whatever.

PAGE 59 - **DIXON**: 60, 6'-4", 180#, Northern California, single. Likes hiking, gardening, writing novels. Looking for other men of similar interests.

BACK COVER - **FLORIDA TIM**: 67, 5'-10", 165#, Florida, single. Likes classical music, all arts, gym, active lifestyle, good mind, and sense of humor. Looking for professional, mature, in-shape men, 40+, for long-term relationship with the right guy.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

MIKE DEVEAU: 45, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with. Destined to photograph every hot mature man in the Palm Springs area.

JOEL: 32, Houston, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. He's always on the lookout for new models

and has been known to travel widely just for the perfect shot.

MANNY: 48, 6'-3", 235#, Maryland, single. Looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, masculine, husky gentleman, 50+, who is healthy and hairy. Short and stocky men turn him on as well as the big and burly kind. The best cover-quality photographer around.

PHOTOMAN: Late 40s, St. Louis, single. An expert at getting hot, mature men (as well as admirers) to take it all off for the camera. A retired professional photographer who will travel for a good photo shoot. In an exciting new relationship with CR model BARE TOM.

ARTISTS

RAY ROMERO is a 33-year-old working artist living in Tucson. He's also into antique vehicles, motorcycles, and mature, rugged men, 45+. Ray's erotic artwork will be on display and sale at the San Diego Gathering.

QUETZAL, 45, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's recently come out with a new "Hand Jive Comix" that you won't want to miss.

KEMUSH is in his late 60s and lives in Los Angeles with his partner of many years. His artistic talents are immense, and he will be showing and selling his work at the San Diego Gathering as well.

WRITERS

BEN BOXER is new to CR, but we believe he will be with us a while. Judge for yourself just how good this writer is. His internet column on Senior Gay Issues of the Silver Fox may be found on the World Wide Web at http://www.yanceyweb.com/boxers/

P.H. COLLEY is 58, 6 ft., 295#, in an open relationship with BRUCE, CR's publisher. In addition to being the editor of CR, he has written and published eight novels, a book of short stories, and various short fiction published in CR and CR Classics.

NOTE: WRITE TO ANY CONTRIBUTOR THE SAME WAY YOU WOULD WRITE AN ADVERTISER WITH A CODEWORD. SEE PAGE 46 FOR DETAILS.

kemush

FORUM

AN ELECTRONIC VERSION OF CR?

Have you ever considered how many more of us would subscribe to your fine magazine if you would make subscriptions available for an electronic version delivered by email? Many of us cannot receive your magazine by mail and cannot keep copies in our possession. However, we could receive them by email and keep them in password protected files on our pc. You could also save a great deal in distribution costs. Many periodicals are now doing this; any chance that you will? CM (via email)

We'll consider it whenever we confirm that on-line periodicals are profitable. So far we've heard otherwise. Editor

MODELS IN CLOSED RELATIONSHIPS

Regarding those that complain about models in closed relationships: What the hell is the matter with these people? Do they think CR is a catalog of potential sex exploits? I've enjoyed CR for six years and just want to say thanks for putting mature men in the place of honor they deserve. Your magazine is a refreshing combination of social and sexual awareness that celebrates mature men without objectifying them. At 37 years of age, my greatest complaint is that so many of these wonderful men would consider me too young for them. But it's even more rewarding that the celebration of life and vitality goes on at all ages, and that is where CR excels. J.J./St. Louis

I am flattered that Barberbear had such a reaction to my photo [CR 83, FORUM, "More on Closed Relationships]. The truth be known, my partner of 8 years selected the photos, filled out the forms, had me sign them, then mailed the pictures in. I insisted there would be no hint of being available for sex. What if a Barberbear wrote, sent his picture, then I answered and told him no sex? He would have felt rejected and really mad. Barberbear suggested I keep my clothes on. I think he should look again. It is only a head shot in both issues. Overall I am flattered with the reaction I have received from your magazine. I have received several letters and am trying to answer all of them. After all, CR is a magazine and not a male order catalog. VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN TWO

HEALTHY RELATIONSHIPS WITH YOUNGER MEN

I only quite recently became more aware of your publication and the service it provides. I am a 52-year-old gay Caucasian male, currently living in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area. This weekend I met three Baton Rouge gentlemen, one of whom attends your annual events and told me more about your magazine. I would be very interested in learning more, and I plan to buy a copy of CR the next time I go to Dallas. I'm only now beginning to admit and accept my attraction to younger men. To date, my intellect (AND my experience) has indicated to me that relationships between men of somewhat similar ages works best; however, I've recently encountered some seemingly quite healthy relationships between men of varying ages and am being forced to accept and admit my own previous prejudices as well as my attraction to younger men. Will be subscribing as soon as I get settled. K.R./Dallas

FALSE ADVERTISING

I just picked up Issue #82 in Sydney, Australia, having never seen nor heard of you before. I bought your magazine because I fell for the gorgeous picture of a gorgeous, gorgeous, gorgeous man on the front cover. The magazine was presented in a "plastic sleeve" so I was really looking forward to the spread of pics of the beautiful man on the front cover. How disappointed I was to discover that the man in question did not feature in the rest of the publication at all. I really felt let down, and, to be honest, felt that the magazine was "falsely advertising" its content. However, after the initial extreme disappointment, I read through and looked at the other contents and finally found that I enjoyed the magazine anyway. I do feel that with me not knowing the nature of the mag, coupled with the picture on the front, left me "high and dry" when I was looking forward to being "high and wet!" Martin/ Sydney

In spite of our bitter complaints, book stores routinely place CR in the same bins as those magazines which feature simulated sex, porn fiction, and photos of anal sphincters. Without a savvy distributor who has the ability to get us into mainstream stores, we will continue to be pawned off as porn. Editor

THE FRINGE ELEMENT

My husband and I attended your Orlando '97 Gathering and thoroughly enjoyed the program that you put together. We were most impressed with the dignity and pride that permeated the meeting and which allowed us to relax and feel comfortable, which in turn allowed us to make some new friends from around the country. This was no accident. The delegate rules that you have evolved to create and maintain this atmosphere are necessary and commendable, given the "fringe element" described by PISSED IN PHILLY in issue #82. It was wonderful to be in an atmosphere of like-minded men and to be able to "lower our guard" in regards to the negative stereotypes that, if permitted, would have turned it into yet another large lighted stage for the attention-starved "here I am—look at me—I can't wait to insult you" phonies, complete with a large captive audience.

You have devised the best yet solution to this problem, and you deserve praise and credit for it. To your apparent detractors I must simply say: if CR isn't your choice for entertainment, gatherings, classifieds, etc., don't keep kicking it. Just start your own magazine, draw your own audience and be prepared for a mountain of complaints from the people who don't even buy your magazine: the losers, phonies, and fringe elements who make up the negative stereotyped part of the homosexual community. H.M./Jacksonville

GATHERING 98

I am planning on attending the Gathering in May, but I do have a few questions. After reading all the young stud vs older out of shape, and the comments about older chubbies, (1) will older chubbies be welcome? (2) Is the Gatherings like the Girth & Mirth Convergences? (3) Is the attire formal for any of the events? Are casual clothes enough? (4) Is being an overweight and underhung 60-year-old going to cause me to be excluded? These may be stupid questions, but I am serious. CUDLR/(via email)

(1): Since I am an older chubby, I certainly hope so. (2): Both are great events, but very much different. (3): Shorts or tuxes: your choice. (4): You just described the average delegate! Editor

Thanks for the positive feedback. I am trying to work up the courage to come to San Diego. I'll probably put a check in the mail late next week. I am getting lots of encouragement to go. I am a little put off by the stories of indiscriminate sex. It's okay for others, but it's not what I want or desire. And I also know that when it comes down to it, I decide what I do and no one else. Which brings me to topic B. I'm married. Boy does that make people nervous. My wife is very disabled with MS. I love this woman dearly. The pain of this slow drawn-out drama at times is overwhelming. In trying to control my life I've made a decision that I will try to form a partnership with other men. I've always been comfortable around the guys and always curious about the older ones. Love to see them naked, but I'm a little turned off by porno stuff. I like to think about it this way: I look at the pictures of older men as if they have a penis attached, not as if they are a penis with a man attached. Topic C: My biggest priority is to get over my shyness. It is very difficult for me to talk to strangers. It almost approaches pain. It's my problem, and I'll deal with it. I keep my BS filters on over my ears to keep out the negative stuff, but I have heard many nice comments about your gatherings and the successful pairings and lifelong friendship are what impress me the most. I look forward to our continuing on this project. L.C./Southwest

I thought I might be interested in going to one of your gatherings, but I am wondering if someone my age would be out of place (37). I love mature men but am concerned about a possible hidden age restriction. Do other people my age go to the gatherings? I'm interested in meeting new friends, but not at the risk of pissing off the beautiful mature men that go to your gatherings. Your response would be appreciated. Robert/(via email)

Since well over one third of our readership consists of older men who like younger men, we absolutely want younger men in attendance. The more the merrier. All we ask is that delegates be over 18. We do not condone the use of hidden age restrictions and refuse to support organizations which implement such restrictions Editor

My partner and I went to Orlando and had a wonderful time. We met people that we still communicate with, and neither of us had sex with ANYONE—although we were both in heaven the entire time ogling over the eye candy. The point of a Gathering is that it's exactly what you make it. You can easily bed 10 of your wildest fantasies, or you can make new lifelong friendships. OR, you can do like we "started" to do and be shy and not meet anyone. Not suggested! If you have a chance to go, you really should go to a gathering. *[Posted on the Silverfox Digest and copied to CR by the author]*

If you have not been to one of these things, it is a very pleasant way to meet other men from the country with similar interests, get some California sun, and, above all, get out of the house for some fun and games. Yes, there are a lot of "would you come up to my room" comments, and just as many "this is my partner" comments attached to invitations for dinner and companionship. I have been to these gatherings with and without a partner, with and without a roommate, and they can be, from the comments I have heard, the best thing an older guy has ever done to restore self-confidence and to acquire lifelong, new friends. Young guys love it because they see so many of us who have a busy or un-bar scene life and don't really get out like we used to do as young pups. Take some time to consider the option in May of attending the party. Look at airfares, price the rooms at the Town & Country, ask someone to go along and share the cost, post on this digest or the bear digest a notice that you are going or would like to go. See what comes up. Good luck. Gary *[Posted on the Silverfox Digest and copied to CR by the author]*

THAT'S WHY WE WANT IT PRINTED

I received my copy of Issue 83 today. My personal ad, page 42 under Arkansas contains an error. The last line of the ad as published contains the word "white," which should have been "write." The published ad reads: "Prefer bi, non-gay-scene gentlemen, white. Exchange photos." The ad should have read: "Prefer bi, non-gay-scene gentlemen. Write. Exchange photos." I am concerned that the ad as published could well be interpreted as having racist implications and offend many people. I am not here to offend anybody. I notice there is some controversy of this nature in a previous issue. It may also encourage people with racist views to contact me and discourage those with more tolerant views, which is not what I want. Please make this correction for publication in the next issue. Roland/ Little Rock

We take no responsibility for the accuracy of hand-written ads. In addition, we do not consider an advertiser's specification of "white"

as being "racist." Editor

RICHARD!

Wow, you could have not picked a better picture or a better man to grace the cover of Issue #83. I have loved RICHARD ever since I saw him in CR. I think he is one of the best looking models that you have. And I must say the men in your magazine are all very attractive and sexy. It is just that RICHARD is my favorite. The photographers that you have are great too. They are very talented and do a tasteful and nice job. They make every CR model desirable. L.F./ via email

HOT JAPANESE VIDEOS - PART II

It seems that the Japanese makers of FLORIDA GIANT COCK STORY don't want the video sold outside of Japan and would appreciate your retracting the suggestion of contacting us [FORUM, CR #83]. They are going to make available a lot of other videos to us for sale in the U.S., but there's an agreement with the actors in FGCS that it not be sold abroad. Let's please respect them on this. Passport Japan/Tokyo

Sorry for unduly exciting all of MICHIGAN MONTE's fans. Maybe he'll do another one for world-wide release. Editor

OUT OF PRINT

I only recently acquired a copy of your fantastic publication, and was saddened to learn that the most incredible magazine I have ever seen was no longer in print. My new friend, a wonderful man of 70, has several back issues he is willing to share with me. I only like older, heavier men and never found a publication like yours. I wish it could still be in print. Do you know of any surviving publications along the lines of yours? I need discretion, for I am in the closet and live in a small town. I don't like it, but society can still be very cruel to lonely people in a position like mine. If you can help me at all, please write back. I hope this gets to you. T.E./Rural Minnesota

A BADGE OF HONOR

I am writing to commend you on your publication, which I much admire and respect. Your magazine humanizes a group of men society tends to ignore, stereotype, and at times, slander. By that same token, the "conservative" photos decorating CR do not cheapen their character nor appearance. You remind us that maturity in men is not something to be shunned, laughed at, or perceived as a weakness. If anything, maturity can be perceived as a badge of honor. CR retains the quality of a good taste I like to savor from the group of men I am most fond of. Thank you. Wintergreen (via email)

NEVER EVER

I am a regular reader of CR and I love the models. But how am I going to write to any of these models, as you have never ever mentioned or given any instructions as to how one can write to them? Please advise the procedure and also advise if that procedure is the same for Canada. J.W./Vancouver

Instructions for writing models are located in each issue. Refer to THE FINE PRINT at the bottom of THE CONTACT NETWORK section. We also refer to it in the WHAT IT IS section. Since so many readers miss it, we will add a third reference starting in this issue. Editor

LEARNING SOMETHING NEW

Today in class (Geriatrics/college of medicine) I learned something new. Let me first explain that yesterday I received my copy of CR Magazine. I went to bed with thoughts of hot men dancing in my mind, and, yes, something in my hand. I woke up early before class this morning and cruised the pages a little more. And yes, once again I needed to take matters into my own hands. Well, when discussing pharmacology for the elderly, I learned the "true" meaning of CR: CONTINUOUS RELEASE! Coincidence? I think not. The other Gator/ Florida

INTIMIDATION

Has the "editor-in-chief" of one of CR's *soi-disant* competitors fallen off the pot-shot wagon? He blames CR's editor for intimidating and scaring off would-be models. In spite of the fact that CR's published release form clearly seeks only temporary publication rights to photos and has models promise not to allow another magazine to publish the same or similar photos in the same time frame (sounds reasonable to me), this pen-warrior would have us believe that P.H. Colley secretly contacts each model and threatens a lawsuit if they allow another mag to publish their photos at ANY TIME. There is a lot of bull shit floating around about Mr. Colley's "Mr. Hyde" behavior (most of it hatched and perpetuated by the editor-in-chief's predecessor over the past 8 years), but this nascent rumor takes the cake! I know quite a few CR models, and none have ever been contacted by Colley, let alone been threatened by him. One must wonder whether that periodical's readers are as stupid as implied or whether they are merely giving an excuse (would YOU want to be in it?) they know its editor-in-chief will buy. Anyhoo, since when has a little thing like a release stood in the way of that rebel tabloid publishing anything they want? May I see the hands of those who've been shocked to see their un-released photos in this spicy little digest? Now, may I see the hands of those depicted with a dick in their mouth? A bit of counsel for this careless man who has the audacity to call himself an editor-in-chief: if you want more models, stop blaming others and start behaving ethically. If you want a more successful magazine, stop trying to "be like Mike." Pardon the fractured pun. URSINETT/[via email]

THE WRONG SIGNAL

You don't need another encomium, but I'm allowing my subscription to lapse and I don't want to send the wrong signal. I'm quite impressed by the quality of the production, photography and writing in your magazine. The only thing I didn't like was the whining and lecturing that used to occur in your letters and editorials. That seems less prevalent—or is it just a

perennial thing? Anyway, enclosed is a contribution to help you continue spreading your generous spirit. D.W./ Colorado

One man's whine is another man's lament. Editor

SCREWING UP MOTHERS DAY

I'm planning on attending the Gathering and will probably be sending in my registration next week. But, I would like to offer a suggestion and some criticism to keep in mind for next year. By the way, I am a long-time subscriber and thought about posting something along these lines to the Silverfox List, but decided you had been "flamed" enough. Why is the Gathering weekend planned for the weekend of Mother's Day? Go ahead and laugh at me for being a momma's boy. Hey, I have a typical Queen's Mother. It was bad enough that I couldn't take advantage of the long Memorial Day holiday to plan my trip, but now I have to tell my mother that I won't be able to put in a command appearance on Mothers Day. Keep up the good work. If you would like to use this e-mail in publication, please withhold my name, as I don't want to be laughed out of the swimming pool in San Diego. I have had enough grief in my lifetime for being a momma's boy. P.R.,/(via email)

Because we have to sign contracts two years in advance, we lost track of the dates. When we realized that the event was falling on Mothers Day, it was too late to change. We deeply regret the oversight. Editor

MISSED CALLING

I wish you would reconsider your decision to quit making videos. I've been a subscriber from the very beginning, and no one does videos like you. Even those videos you sold for others (Ranch House) and those you sponsored (Sirco and Jike Monsoon) don't hold a candle to "Quadraplex" and "Mojave." You really missed your calling. I'm amazed at your rave reviews of "Digital Fantasy I." It bored the hell out of me. No way in hell will I fork over big bucks for "Digital Fantasy II." Produce a video with ROB DADEO, MICHIGAN MONTE and FREDDY GATOR with three young studs, and you would get rich! A Swan Head/New York

Our porn video producing days are over. Moreover, our video sponsoring days are over as well. We've been burned way too many times. Editor

A RAY OF SUNSHINE

Just a quick note to pass on our appreciation for everything you did for us both while you were in Sydney. After a hard year for us, the Gathering was a welcome ray of sunshine. Everyone we met while we were in attendance made us feel part of a caring and loving family. I guess that is a well-worn cliché, but for us it sincerely felt special. So to all the Yanks and all the Aussies and to one special Swiss gentleman, we would like to give our warmest. Thanks and we really hope we get to see all of you very soon. AUSSIE ONE & TWO/Sydney

HEARD AT THE BREAKFAST CLUB

The queens who breakfast were all a-titter over a scathing editorial about you in a local porn magazine and a sleazy, ill-advised photo of you in a slick mag for heavy dudes. My, what would they do without you to dish? No initials, please. I have no desire to become another outcast. P.S. FLY ON THE WALL

The "editorial" was funny; the photo wasn't. As a matter of fact, it was unauthorized ... and extremely unfortunate. Editor

THE SIMBA MARDI GRAS

I deeply regret missing your gathering in Sydney, but I was stuck in Melbourne with family problems. I trust that both Vintage Men *[Prime Timers in Melbourne]* and MAG *[Mature Age Gays in Sydney]* were helpful and in abundant attendance. When you come to Australia again, I will definitely join in. P.D./Wollongong

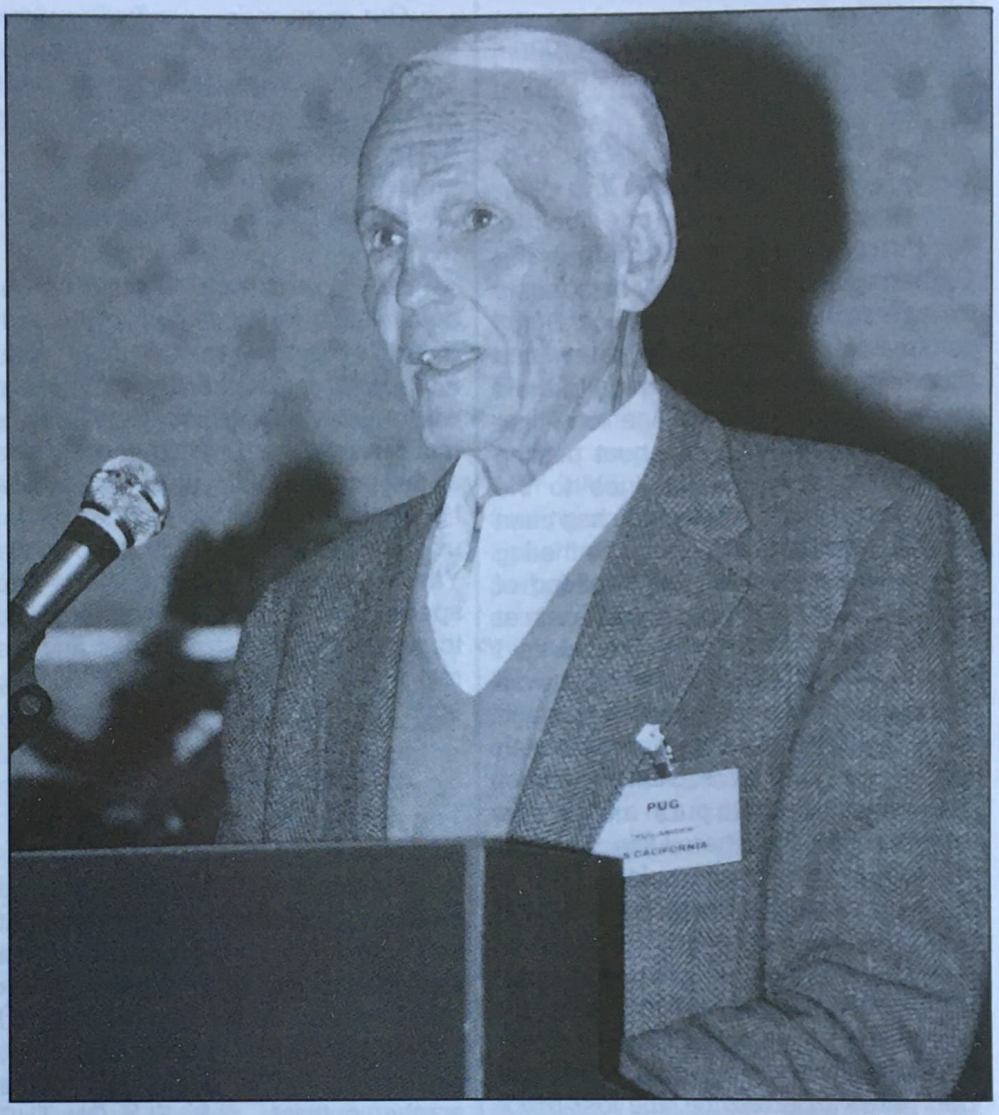
We had an attendance of 45, consisting of 15 Americans, one Swiss, and 29 Aussies. Seven of the Aussies were members of MAM [Mature Aged Men] in Brisbane. No one was in attendance from Vintage Men or MAG. Neither responded to our repeated attempts at corresponding. Sorry, no third try. Not nearly enough local support. Editor

A VIEW FROM STRENGTH

Thank you both for your kind words of condolence. I have decided to look at Nick's passing this way: When I met Nick a year ago, I was still mourning Jim's loss on Halloween of '95. Nick, on the other hand, was sad from his own loss of his beloved Frank five years previous. They were together forty-four years. Nick was with Frank for half his life. I was with Jiim for half of mine. Something clicked. As our love grew, we pulled each other out of the depression. I began to hope and plan things again. I could see from Nick's eyes that he was alive and happy. He moved in with me to help him forget the mausoleum he had created by living in the past, and to avoid climbing those 80-odd steps to his place. As our collective heart healed and grew strong, we began to build our new life. We were on a roll. We were a ball of energy, alive with anticipation, just waiting for the morning to arrive. I kissed him good-bye on that morning as he stood there in his robe seeing me to the door. I said, "Don't work too hard in the garden . Take it easy." He said he would, but I could see the glint in his eye that he too was powerless to stop the momentum we had created. He smiled and said, "I love you." The moment is sometimes greater than the event. At that moment, we *were* the love we created. We were back in the here and now, moving forward, healed, strong, alive. I will not take Nick's passing as a personal slap in the face by the hand of God; on the contrary, He gave us that moment. The love we created is still here; I'm still healed, and I'm still strong. I'm as powerless to stop this momentum as Nick was. I'm in awe of God's hand. Take care of each other and, again, thank you for your kind words and thoughts. BAY AREA JIM

BAY AREA JIM is the inspiration for The Order of the Silver Simba. Editor

REMEMBERING THOSE WHO MEANT SO VERY MUCH



PHOTOMAN

PUG SNIDER

November 26, 1913
October 11, 1997

Pug Snider was a great writer, but most of the world will never know. His Jehova's Witness daughter, whom he'd lived with since his lifemate died in 1994, condemned his writing , calling it "the work of the devil." Consequently he had to write in secrecy. Erotica publishers and editors considered him one of the best porn writers ever (even though he'd started writing erotic fiction at 75!), but none of them ever considered his "more serious" works. We at CR knew he was capable of greatness, and we encouraged him to write from his heart, without consideration of some porn formula.

And here at CR is where Pug made his mark. Those who witnessed his induction into the CR Hall of Fame during the 1996 Gathering in San Diego will recall his eloquent speech. After our enthusiastic effort to show him how much he had done for us, he passionately told of the joyous, life-extending effect his fans had on him. The love was mutual.

Bruce and I first met Pug and his partner, Bob Yetter, in Cathedral City in 1987. By then, Pug had already evolved into a featured writer for CR and was sharing the lime light with the eminent KEN RICHIE, who passed in 1993. It would be another eight years before we saw him again at the gathering in San Diego.

We only found out about Pug's death after CR#83 was distributed. Pug arranged for his issues to be sent to a friend in Illinois, rather than risking exposure to his daughter. She apparently notified some of his pen pals as early as December, but no one notified us until they saw his story published without a memorium. According to his daughter, he passed away after a 3-day stay in the Westwood (CA) VA Hospital. Doctors were trying to determine why his heart was beating irregularly and his blood pressure was elevated. They discharged him on a Friday and made plans for more catheter studies the following week, but he died peacefully in his sleep early Saturday morning.

Like Ron Collier (aka Ken Richie), Pug will never be forgotten. Without contributions of these two brilliant, sweet men, CR would never have become what it is today.

We only met Ray once or twice at parties near Yucca Valley, California, but we got attached to him through letters over the past ten years. He was a dog lover, so we had a lot in common. We'll never forget receiving a birthday card one June from him. It was a birthday card for our Sammi and Zelda, and it was signed Buster and Wendy. We still have the card.

Ray was a very lonely man, and we went out of our way trying to get him introduced to guys in the High Desert. He got some mail after we first published his photo in the magazine, but nothing ever really clicked to the extent of becoming a permanent relationship.

Last fall we got word that he had suffered a massive stroke and collapsed on his front porch in Yucca Valley. A friend and neighbor eventually found him and had him rushed to the hospital in Palm Springs. Stable but comatose, he was placed in a nursing home to die. When we got word, we notified most of our subscribers in Palm Springs and asked them to visit Ray and attempt to guide him back to us.

Not much happened as a result, but at least three of our finest did go by regularly and were instrumental in almost getting him back. Before long Ray was opening his eyes, squeezing hands and even smiling. But his stroke had done much too much damage, and Ray died on January 21, 1998.

JEFF

RAY DE LOR
aka SAGITTARIUS

December 7, 1922
January 21, 1998

Those three we know of who visited Ray regularly are DON OF THE DESERT, PARSON BROWN, AND HAMHOCK. Had we been asked to predict the three who would most likely visit Ray, it would have been these three exceptional men, all of whom we intensely love and respect.

One note Ray wrote us particularly moved us, and we would like to share it with our readers. The note informed us that Palmer Briggs (our model C.B.) had died in Fresno. He went on to say: "This hits me pretty badly as Palmer was the first gay lover that I had when my mom and I moved out here in 1952, but since we both had family obligations we never could live together. So we remained friends all these years. He was two years younger than me. I'm so anxious to meet a life mate, as I don't want to grow older and die alone, but I guess it isn't in the cards for me. So Buster and Wendy will just have to take care of me. They send their bow wows to Sammi and Zelda. Much love as always, Ray."

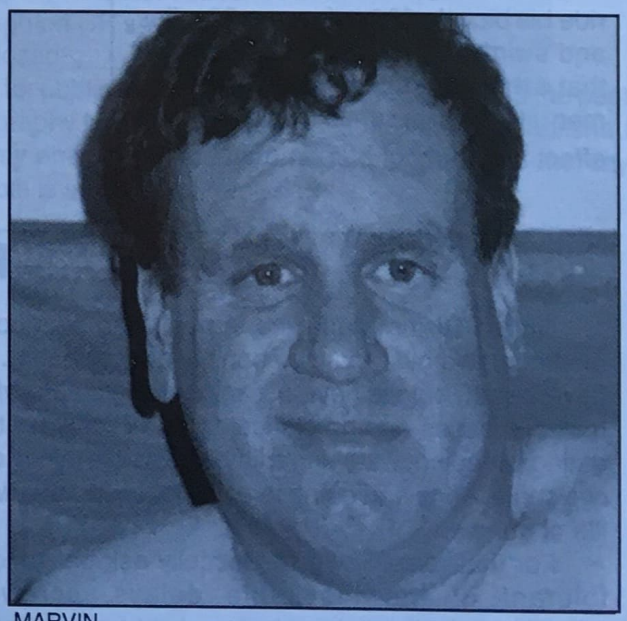
Steve Schmidt died unexpectedly on February 7, 1998, in San Francisco. He leaves behind his life mate, Aaron, his mother, two sisters, and many, many friends in the Bay Area.

Steve contributed lots of very good photographs to CR over the past seven years, including some spectacular shots of men like CHUCKEE and DANDEE. He and his partner, Aaron, were great supporters of CR and Golden Gate Connection in San Francisco.

Besides his hobby of photography, he loved to play his guitar and bass. A fan of blue grass music, he played with a folk music group in San Francisco. In college he belonged to a Croatian folk dance group and toured the East Coast cities with them.

STEPHEN DALE SCHMIDT
aka MR. RUPERT

February 25, 1957
February 7, 1998



MARVIN

bits and pieces

ROOMMATE ASSIGNMENT PROCEDURE

If you would like us to pair you with a roommate for the Gathering in San Diego, please provide us with the following information:

1. Your name, address, and a statement that you wish to be paired with a roommate.

2. Whether or not you would share a room with a smoker.

3. Your telephone number and the best time to call you.

Delegates will be paired in sequence without consideration of age, size or race. Please do not ask us to fix you up.

FIT FAT MEN

Due to the unexpected length of THE ROAD TO NAVALA and the lack of time to fully research the BODY VIGOROUS article we wanted to publish, our health feature will not be seen in this issue. It will, however, be showcased in CR#85 in June. We plan to do a piece profoundly inspired by an article appearing in the *MEN'S HEALTH* March issue, entitled "The World's Fittest Fat Man." The story, about a 5'-8", 250# man in Phoenix, has completely changed a lot of people's perception of fitness. In a typical week, this man will ride his bicycle 200 miles, run 30 miles, and swim 5 miles. Scientists suspect that if there are substantial numbers of men like this around, it could greatly affect the study of human metabolism.

UNDELIVERED ISSUES

On previous occasions we've had problems with undelivered mail. It got so bad a few years back that a postal inspector was assigned to the central San Bernardino sorting area to see which postal employees were ripping our mags off. I never heard any more about it, but the pilferage suddenly stopped.

Well, it's back. Over 85 copies of CR#82 never made it to readers. So if you don't receive an issue, merely advise us. It's rarely our fault, but we're willing to make it right at our expense.

PAYMENT POLICY

Banks are not at all like they used to be. Take deposits: too many checks, and you get penalized. And can you imagine making out a deposit with a handful of one-dollar checks? As a result, we can no longer accept checks or money orders in an amount less than $10. Cash only, please, but make sure the bills are well-disguised. There is no limit for credit card sales.

FORWARDING FEES

Please note that we are now charging for the forwarding of mail to those with coded ads and models. For one to three letters to forward at any one time, enclose $1 in cash. For four to six letters, enclose $2 in cash. For seven to nine letters, enclose $3 in cash, and so on.

MORE COPIES OF CR#80 FOUND!

Book store returns and other copies with minor cover blemishes are available for a reduced price of $5.00 (North & South America) and $8.00 (Elsewhere), which includes postage. See order form.

QUETZAL IS BACK!

Quetzal is back with several new cartoons and Silver Balls #3, his latest collection of cartoons for and about mature men. It's 28 pages of vintage Quetzal, and it cost just $3 plus $1 for postage and handling. See his ad in this issue.

Desert Men

The Screen Saver

http://visitweb.com/The_T-Room

or SASE for order form to:

Internet Masters
P.O. Box 2574
Palm Springs, CA 92263

WHAT IT IS

Chiron Rising Magazine is published every other even month by two old farts who don't know any better. We don't have a staff, but we have occasional volunteers who help us mail out issues and do clerical work. Except for time spent eating, sleeping, watching a little television, taking care of our two senior dogs and going to see a lot of doctors, we have no life of our own.

For that reason, we respectfully ask our readers to be tolerant of the inevitable delays, screwups and miscommunications. In order to put out a good product under these conditions, we have no choice but to operate by triage.

New to CR? Here are answers to some oft-asked questions:

Chiron Rising was named after a comet called Chiron. It's a long, boring story, so use your imagination.

CR models and writers want to hear from you. Follow the instructions in the fine print of THE CONTACT NETWORK.

The code on your address label indicates the date your subscription will run out. We will include a reminder note inside your final issue. A "V" means you're cool. A V2 or V3 entitles you to private favors and a lot of pampering—within the realm of mutual civility, of course.

If you would like to become a CR model, follow the instructions in WAS THAT YOU IN CR?

HEY, WAS THAT YOU IN CR?

At CR we don't believe in the words "ugly" or "unattractive." We insist that no one is too fat or too skinny. Too tall? Bull shit! Too short? Our most popular models are short and chubby. And don't EVER say you're too old. Not for THIS magazine!

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted, HIGH QUALITY 35 mm color or black and white photo of yourself. Do not send marginal snapshots; Polaroids; sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation; photos with half your head or penis missing; portraits of yourself standing too far away; or prints with spots, lines, or ink marks that shouldn't be there.

Photos are not returned unless we are requested to do otherwise. If you want your photograph returned, SEND FOR IT AFTER IT IS PUBLISHED AND PROVIDE AN SASE.

The following form is required in order to have your photograph(s) featured in CR. Carefully write your name on the back of each submitted photograph and blot so that ink does not get on front of photo.

TO: CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393

FROM: _____

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ____. it is understood that all publication rights revert back to me upon publication and that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of the publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age: _____: Height: _____; Weight _____; Area of Residence: _____.

Likes: _____.

Looking for: _____.

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the front cover of CR.
I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on CR's website.
I am currently involved in no _____/ and open _____/ a closed _____ personal relationship.

I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of subject photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of subject photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip _____

Date: _____

Telephone number: (_____) _____

NOTE: SUBMIT PHOTOGRAPHY AND THIS RELEASE FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED TO CRPI.

SOUTH CAROLINA BEAR LOVER

P.J.

GAYFEATHER

TONTALAYA

WAG

GEORGE

PIGWEED

THE ROAD TO NAVALA
by p.h. colley

On the evening of February 17th, BRUCE and I, accompanied by FREDDY GATOR, OK HANK, and OK DAVE, boarded an Air New Zealand 747 and settled in for a long flight to Auckland. As we slept, the plane crossed the International Date Line, robbing us of February 18th.

Contrary to persistent rumors, a hit team of Kiwis irate from last year's war of words didn't show up, so we showered, changed into shorts, had coffee, and got back on the plane for our final leg into Sydney.

As we broke free of Australian customs, we were noisily greeted by COCKATOO REX and partner SNOWY, who had driven up from their home south of Sydney, and UPBEAT 7, TURBO, VAN and MIKE, who had arrived minutes before on a United flight from San Francisco. Warm greetings exchanged, we made our way to a couple of waiting stretch limousines (complements of Hank) and took off for the Millennium Hotel in the Kings Cross section of Sydney.

From that moment on, none of us would ever look at life in the same way.

Thursday, February 19th

HEY, SYDNEY, ARE YOU
READY FOR US?

In appreciation for our having chosen the Millennium for our little convention two years in a row, the hotel management put us up in their finest suite: a spacious, extraordinarily comfortable penthouse with a monster jacuzzi and a knockout view of Sydney and the entire harbor. Since none of us were suffering that much from jet lag, Snowy and Rex, chosen our "Fearless Leaders," led us to the King's Cross subway station and on to the Fish Market, where we had lunch. On the way back, Snowy conducted a crash course on Sydney Subway 101, allowing us to make plans for future treks for shopping or sightseeing on our own. Back at the hotel, we held court as others arrived, including KOALA and SPINNER, who had driven all the way down from Brisbane.

Friday, February 20th

After breakfast, eight of us walked to Oxford Street and toured the gay district, which is filled with some of the best ethnic restaurants imaginable. Because Mardi Gras was coming up, many of the shops were featuring outrageous costumes waiting to be filled with bodies. The tour was so fascinating that we lost track of time and ended up miles away downtown. But we are a tough lot, so we decided to walk the other side of Oxford on the way back instead of taking the subway. By that time, many of us had bought hats for the upcoming bus trip. I purchased an Akubra cowboy hat, but I was left in the dust by Van, who purchased a neon red outback hat. His partner Mike picked up an olive green one.

Later that afternoon a few of us went to the 10th floor Terrace Room and set up the registration table. An hour later, the room was filled, and we finally got to meet the ARIZONA BARES (AZ1 and AZ2), whom none of us had met before. Before long we were joined by models TASSIE DEVIL, PAPERMATE, MEGABYTE, WALKABOUT, AUSSIE I, AUSSIE II, along with a contingent of repeat attendees from Queensland. The party was on, and the hotel really put on a spread.

Saturday, February 21st

Several of us took off for the Taronga Zoo but managed to see only a third of it before we had to return to the hotel for the Saturday night dinner, which turned out to be as delicious and enjoyable as the previous night. At one point, I was telling a group of Aussies about our Odyssey group, which was scheduled to depart the following morning. I admitted that some of us were a little concerned about all the Australian creatures capable of killing a human. Of course, they weren't that impressed, because Australians live with brown snakes, tiger snakes, blue-ringed octopuses, and funnel web spiders all the time.

"Rex and Snowy tell me there are probably six or seven different animals we might encounter that could kill a man," I said.

"And that's only on the bus!" exclaimed one, eliciting a howl from the others.

Sunday, February 22nd

After the farewell breakfast, we made our good-byes, and 14 of us boarded an air-conditioned Toyota mini-bus with suitcase trailer. We were off on what was called our "Aussie Odyssey," a tour put together by Rex and Snowy after we gave up on three travel agents. Our specifications: comfortable facilities with good food and a friendly attitude toward a group of mature gay men. Our driver Rob, the 15th in our group, is none other than Snowy's straight nephew, who is a chip off the old block. He was hilarious, VERY talkative, and is one of the kindest men we had ever met.

WAKE UP, ROOS,
SO WE CAN PET YOU!

Our first stop was at The Australian Reptile Park in Gosford, located about half-way to Newcastle. The park features free-range, semi-tame kangaroos and emus, along with more confined Tasmanian devils, alligators, koalas, dingos, snakes, lizards, and undoubtedly the largest crocodile I have ever seen. Most of us rushed to the kangaroos like kids, but they were sleepy and not about to leave their enclosure for our benefit. Later, as we watched a display of 6- to 8-foot Australian monitor lizards, Rex warned us that if we encountered such a creature in the bush, we had to move away quickly and hope the lizard didn't mistake us for trees and attempt to climb up one of us. THAT got our attention.

We had a great couple of hours there and as we were about to leave, someone discovered a delicious ice cream bar called "Gay Times." (No one produces ice cream bars like the Australians!) SWISS ONE had no problem ordering it in that dulcet German accented voice of his, but we Yanks had a problem ordering it with a straight face. The phrase, "I'll have what he's having," was used quite a bit.

We continued northward so as to bypass Newcastle and noticed that the thick gum forest had given way to rolling farm land. After stopping for lunch at a large rest stop, we left Pacific Highway and headed toward Port Stephens, a waterway two and one half times larger than Sydney Harbor. Snowy told us that Port Stephens was used as a base for the Allies during World War II. Over 2,000 Australian and 20,000 American servicemen were trained there for ship to shore invasions.

PORT STEPHENS:
CRYSTAL-CLEAR
WATER EVERYWHERE

As the bus rolled along Nelson Bay Road, we began to see massive sand dunes to the southeast. We caught glimpses of the Tasman Sea and could smell the sea air. After being on the road for well over three hours, we finally arrived at our first destination.

Neither Rex nor Snowy went on about what to expect, so we waited in suspense as the bus pulled up in front of the Shoal Bay Country Club Hotel and Rex ran inside the lobby. The beach and bay are exceptionally beautiful, and the two heads (mountain tops) that form the gateway to the sea are awesome. Having been told that we would share a private villa, we wondered which of the buildings clinging to the hills was ours. I spotted a large house with a long veranda, I guessed about a hundred feet above the main hotel. Sure enough, that was the one.

The villa has five bedrooms, a large kitchen, a dining room, a living room, a sun room, a laundry room, and a long veranda. The house is surrounded by lush, tropical trees and flowers, and there is a cacophony of sounds from lorikeets, magpies, parrots, and large black birds that whistle hauntingly. Since there were too many of us, Rob, Rex, Snowy, AZ1 and AZ2 stayed in one of the main units down the hill.

That evening we entered the dining room past a sign which urged: "Smart, Casual Attire, Please." (Later, we found that some of the ladies had not appreciated our mode of attire, which included some T-shirts with only slightly racy slogans.) There was a buffet dinner in progress, and practically everyone in the room, filled mostly with elderly ladies, stopped eating and gawked at us. As we blended in and began to enjoy some of the best food down under, the little old ladies began to brave little bits of conversation with our group. They were dying to find out who we were and what we were doing there. AZ2 quickly bonded with the girls in the kitchen and taught them how to make iced tea, but it arrived after dinner. No problem, we said, cheerfully. "We'll take it up to our refrigerators."

Monday, February 23rd

It was an incredibly beautiful day, and we congregated inside the same dining room for a delightful English buffet breakfast. This time the little old ladies were a little more brazen with their questions: "Are you World War Two veterans with your sons?" "This IS your son, isn't it?" I noticed several pitchers of a brown beverage and realized that they had assumed we drank iced tea with every meal. In order not to offend anyone, and ensuring that we had something to cool off with during the day, we offered to carry the excess tea up to the villa and store it inside the refrigerator for later. Our refrigerators were loaded with iced tea.

After breakfast we met with the hotel's manager, who was told early on that we were a gay group. A very attractive "full-figure" gal with a hoot sense of humor, she made arrangements for us to gain entry to the local nude beach by way of a nudist resort. She even loaned us beach umbrellas and an ice chest for drinks. She went on to suggest that we wear collared shirts (sans messages) for dinner, but she admitted that the staff and other guests thought we were basically pretty neat.

The nudist resort manager, uneasy with the prospect of having 13 male nudists screw up the male/female ratio, wouldn't allow us to use the resort's main facilities, but she did allow us on an adjacent two-mile road that would lead us to Samurai Beach, a remote nude beach available to the public. As ten of us started walking up the steep, sandy road, a handsome resort employee kindly drove three less-mobile members of our group, along with our gear, to the beach in a four-wheel drive vehicle. The driver dropped off the load then doubled back to pick up four more. Only six of us decided to walk the entire way. As we reached the top of the final dune, we were stilled by the sight of mile after mile of pristine beach. And it was all ours.

In spite of a cloud cover, we were warned about the danger of a severe burn. I spread gobs of lotion on Bruce and had him do my back. Then I helped Bruce get comfortable underneath the only working umbrella and took off for the surf to join the others. Because there was a pretty substantial undertow, none of us swam. But we were content to leisurely walk, in pairs, in groups, alone, careful not to step on the remnants of hundreds of washed-up jelly fish. I must admit that it was my first time being nude at a nude beach, but I loved it. Bruce was obviously very happy that I was comfortable with my initiation.

Realizing we had men there who had to eat for health reasons, we reluctantly decided to depart after a couple of hours. We rang the resort driver with a cell phone and packed up our gear.

Erroneously thinking that the return trip would be mostly downhill and easier, most of us struck out at a brisk speed. Within a few short minutes, however, it became obvious that what we had previously sensed as somewhat level was actually downhill, which meant it was uphill going back. The temperature had also increased and the breeze had all but disappeared.

When we finally reached the main road, we could see the reason the driver had not doubled back for stragglers. Those he'd driven back had him posing for nude photographs in front of the resort's sign and entrance. Lookouts were posted to warn of approaching cars, so when one drove by, our enthusiastic model would hold his wraparound to-

gether while the rest of us smiled with a camera ready. This went on for well over ten minutes.

Back inside the bus, Rob drove us to Nelson Bay, where we invaded a small sandwich place downtown for a late lunch. Bear in mind that this is Australia. You can get ham and cheese all right, but you can also get scallop salad and a multitude of exotic fillings on something called lavish bread. We took over the entire place and entertained the locals with our attire and accents, then we headed back to the villa for some much needed rest prior to our second evening meal.

Wearing collared shirts and sporting a bit of sun, we strolled into the dining room. I announced that we were "here and smartly attired," but it was a new hostess, who probably thought I was crazy. But how the little old ladies showed favor with our "smart, casual attire." We were the hit of the resort and undoubtedly spawned an ambience of joviality. After all, did we not have some of the funniest men in the universe there, and were we not laughing almost constantly? One comment overheard: "My goodness, they're so BIG and so MIRTHFUL. It wasn't long before the little old ladies realized that three from the group were Australians, a revelation that threw their theories out of whack. Some of our theories perished as well. Australians don't think of us as foreigners. When Swiss One took the last piece of pavlova, one Aussie lady barked to her friend: "That foreigner with the Yanks took the last piece."

The highlight of the evening took place when Van, gushing over the bread pudding, said to a waitress, "I want to marry the one who made this!"

She answered dryly, "It was my husband. Do you want me to bring him out?"

Tuesday, February 24th

IMAGINE THAT!

The next day, Rex asked if we'd like to go dolphin watching for four hours—just AUS$ 17 each. We all agreed, rushed to get ready and boarded the bus. When we reached the marina, we saw what appeared to be a converted tug, loaded to the bridge with tourists. As we stood around waiting for Fearless Leaders to get the tickets in the marina office, we were sure that this excursion would be our first letdown. I tried to find Rex to suggest an alternative, but he came from the office with tickets in hand. I pointed to the boat and said, "Looks like they're already full."

Rex gestured toward a vessel coming into the marina. "That one's ours... and it's ALL ours."

"Imagine" is a 15 meter by 9 meter sailing catamaran with a maximum capacity of 61. The front top deck is protected by a canvas awning, and comfortable deck chairs and tables are bolted down underneath. A full bar, a kitchen, a toilet, and a lounge filled with luxurious furniture are located below deck.

The three-man crew looked us over with semi-veiled amusement (Van's red hat again) as we boarded, but they seemed to be re-evaluating us after hearing us talk and cut up.

As we entered the harbor and began to see dolphins, the crew realized that we shared their love for these magnificent animals. We listened attentively as the young captain told us about how proceeds from the cruises helped scientific efforts to protect and study the dolphins. As we and the crew began to interrelate, the captain asked if we would like to extend the cruise and go out into the Tasman Sea. We eagerly accepted and held on as the craft sliced through much rougher water. We passed by the sheer 500 foot cliffs of Tomaree Head and got a look at the mysterious beaches of Tomaree National Park, where one has to penetrate a rain forest to get there (a few have gone in, never to be seen again).

Eventually the captain turned the cat around and headed back under full sails. The crew were so taken with us that they gladly took a detour (at AZ2's request) to make a pass by our villa. We were going to wave at Bruce, who had stayed behind (he hates boats). Little did we know that Bruce had done laundry and was watching rugby on television. At port, we reluctantly left the cat and boarded the bus, eager to tell Rob all about it.

Again we drove into Nelson Bay for lunch, but we found that the sandwich shop was already full. As Rob parked the bus, we struck out in search of a restaurant. The temperature was near 100 ° F, so we didn't stand around very long. I saw a small shopping center and led a couple of guys to it. Sure enough, in the very back was a Chinese restaurant. By the time we had decided to go inside, a few others joined us, and we took a family table next to three burly, mature Aussies who eyed us suspiciously.

There was only one waiter, but he dutifully took our orders and gave us lots of drinks to cool us off. A few minutes later, the other half of our contingent came inside and took another table nearby. The food began to trickle out, but God, what food it was! By the time all the goodies had been served, the lazy Susan was loaded with the kind of Chinese food you could never get in the U.S., except for perhaps some "gourmet" dim sum places.

The burly Aussies became friendly and got some of us involved in a good-natured ribbing about accents. Then the best looking one made our jaws drop when he asked if we'd had a good time at Samurai Beach. We asked how he knew we were there, whereupon he told us that the whole damned town was talking about it—in a friendly, amused manner, of course.

After such a full day, most sane people would have retired to the villa and relaxed for dinner, but not so Hank and Van. They struck out on foot and climbed adjacent Stephens Peak, using a well-maintained but very steep foot path (Van is a retired fireman, and Hank has legs of steel). As they neared the summit, they were scared to near bowel evacuation by a seven-foot Australian monitor who scurried up a tree not six feet away. All they could think of, they admitted, was what Rex had said about the lizard back at the reptile park. Think they exaggerated the size? Hank got two photos.

After dinner that night, some of us took walks and went back to the villa to pack. Others jumped aboard Rob's bus for a trip to the local RSL club, where guests can gamble with slot machines. Apparently Snowy started winning, turning a planned brief stop into a night of revelry.

Wednesday, February 25th

BARRINGTON TOPS:

NO MOSQUITOES HERE, MATE

The next morning we bid adieu to one of the most pristine of all the world's waterways, and headed into the hills for Barrington Tops National Park. Actually, the drive was perhaps the only relatively boring part of the vacation. The two-lane road was narrow, and the seats on the bus seemed smaller and less comfortable than before. Even Van (the "Talking Fireman") was quiet for awhile as countless farms and rolling hills passed from our view. Granted, we could see mountains in the distance, but there was no thick forest to speak of.

Finally we pulled into Dungog, a town of perhaps 2,000 people with a very wide main street, neat and spacious homes, lots of churches, and a town folk who seemed not to even notice us. Rob stopped at a general store that sold petrol, and we all walked inside to buy soft drinks and hit the toilets. A couple of the guys bought Akubra hats while there, but the employees said very little. It was a far cry from the friendliness of people in Sydney and Port Stephens.

We resumed our long journey and felt the bus begin to labor somewhat as we climbed. By mid-afternoon, we abruptly reached the outskirts of a heavily wooded area and saw a sign announcing the turnoff for Salisbury Lodges. Rob turned in and slowed down for a really scary looking bridge spanning the Williams River, which was rather narrow and craggy at that point and not far from its source. Magnificent little waterfalls were everywhere, and the water appeared to be crystal clear. When the bus cleared the last plank on the bridge, we all gave a huge sigh of relief.

As with the previous hotel, Rex and Snowy had not offered much information about the Salisbury Lodge, except that it was "rustic" and remote, and that we had the place to ourselves. As we were met by Joe and Phillippa, the owners, and a cook with his waitress wife, we could see that this place is far from being rustic. There are three lodges rising along a hillside with construction already started on yet another. Each room has either a luxurious shower or a jacuzzi. There are two very comfortable bedrooms above the open air dining room, and these were taken by Hank and Dave and AZ1 and 2. Bruce and I took a terraced room in the second unit as Rex, Snowy and Rob took a dormitory room above us, sharing with us a full kitchen, a huge fireplace, and an entertainment room. Fred and Swiss One took one of the rooms in the third lodge, as did Turbo and Upbeat 7.

The owners certainly love animals. There are peacocks and peahens and various breeds of chickens, many roaming free around the grounds. Two alpaca brothers—one white, one black—stared at us with huge black eyes. An unusual yet delightful Rottweiler mix dog was there to protect and entertain us. One of the guys asked if he was part bear, judging from the size of his neck. Most dogs fetch sticks, but this one fetched logs and big rocks, which accounted for his huge neck muscles.

On the wild side there are tiny, adorable bats which hang from some of the veranda ceilings during the day. There is also a semi-tame wallaby that comes by every afternoon to be fed. We were surprised, however, to see very little of the exotic birds found in such abundance in Port Stephens. You could hear birds in the forest, but you couldn't see very many.

The owners had made us lunch, so we feasted on cold-cuts and fresh fruit in an open air dining room overlooking a pond full of geese and water lilies. We listened intently as they insisted that there were no mosquitoes there because of the type of fish they had stocked in the pond. They announced that there were no poisonous snakes in the rain forest, nor were there any funnel web spiders. I was skeptical, but our Fearless Leaders didn't seem to react. Great, I thought as I looked at huge eucalyptus trees towered over a clearing around the pond. A nearby trail led to a gate with a sign that announced the beginning of Barrington Tops National Park. We had reached the rain forest, and it was immense.

Hank had quickly checked out the nearby river and found a steep trail leading down to a deep pool underneath a waterfall. Another trail led to a cliff above the pool which was obviously used for diving or jumping the 30 odd feet into the pool. We opted for the trail down to the riverbed and were drenched with sweat by the time we reached the bottom. It therefore took little encouragement for six of us to strip and go skinny dipping.

The water was rather cold , and the rocks were murder on bare feet, but once we got into the deep water, it was heaven. I swam through a steep crevasse toward the waterfall, but did an about face as I saw how narrow the passage got. Chickening out, I swam back, got out, and took video footage of the others. Imagine, if you will, sychronized nude swimming with Rex, Hank, Freddy, Van and Mike. The precision moon shot is spectacular.

Dinner was rather late that night but well worth the wait. We were offered three types of roasted meat and served uniquely prepared salads and vegetables. The desserts were extraordinary. As Bruce would say, "This will make your tongue lap your brains out." At some point during dinner, we discussed the various tours and walks suggested in the national park literature and decided upon a tour we could all get involved with. Rob would drive us up to a lookout, then take us down to a beautiful swimming hole (suits required, however). After a refreshing swim, we would be driven to the start of a downhill trail. Those of us who wouldn't mind the walk ("Only about two and a half miles," Joe said) could depart and hike down while the others were driven back. Joe agreed to act as guide.

Thursday, February 26th

IF YOU CROSS THE SECOND SUSPENSION BRIDGE, YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR

After a lip-smacking breakfast, we were off again in Rob's bus. It was again extremely hot, and since we were climbing, Rob couldn't use the air conditioning. After sharing the lookout point with yet another group of elderly Australian ladies, we headed for the swimming hole and found two young men and a young woman already there. We were disappointed that we couldn't go in nude, but Turbo got the ball rolling by stripping down to a very small bathing suit. The woman took one look at his breathtakingly chiseled, 10% body fat body, and seemed to squirm. Her jaw dropped

and her eyes bulged at the sight of Turbo's excellent bulge. No way would she leave, so the rest of us stripped down as well.

The path to the water was easier to walk on, so we got in much easier than the previous day. The woman was sitting on top of a huge dome-shaped rock which sat in the middle of the river. There was a fairly large lagoon of deep water upstream, and most of us confined our swimming to that area. But then I heard a huge splash and looked at the top of the rock to see our non-swimmers applauding. I quickly got out and grabbed my video camera.

Downstream of the giant rock was a waterfall above a rather narrow but deep pool, and Rex was swimming there. Next thing I knew, Hank did a cannonball right next to Rex off the 10-foot cliff. Then everyone went nuts as Van and Mike joined the diving exhibition and Rex scaled a nearby rock wall to reach a diving platform at around 20 feet! As they began to resemble the cliff divers in Acapulco, I had to turn away. From that moment on, they were called the "Kamikaze Kids."

Highly invigorated, we jumped back on the bus and rode to the start of the trail. Bruce, with his stenosis and bad knees, wasn't expected to join the walk, and half the others joined him. At that point I wondered if I had heard Joe wrong. Did he say 2-1/2 miles or 2-1/2 hours? I wondered. Hey, no problem, I convinced myself. If I can do step aerobics, I can walk downhill for 2-1/2 hours. The bus drove away as Joe, Rex, Snowy, Hank, Dave, Van, Mike, Upbeat 7 and I walked into the gum forest. That's when I noticed that Upbeat was wearing sandals!

It didn't take long before our "downhill" leg muscles started screaming in protest, so when we took a side trail to the river about an hour into our walk, I was relieved but concerned about how treacherous the descent would be.

It turned out to be rather easy, and our attention was pulled toward a large waterfall upstream. Of course, our K. Kids had to check it out, so I videotaped as Rex, Van, Hank, and Mike dove in and screamed in agony. The river there was much nearer the source, so the water was at least 10 degrees cooler than the previous pool. I shot some footage then went to refill my water bottle with sweet, pure river water, ignoring Van as he insisted that he had just peed.

As we gathered to head back to the trail, we stood and looked up to where we had come down. "All downhill my ass," someone grumbled, and up we went.

Since three of us are rather large and one in the group had some heart problems, the strenuousness became a concern for me. Others agreed, so those who needed them took short breaks as we reached plateaus. When we reached the main trail again, we began to resume going downhill in another direction.

After what seemed another hour had passed, Joe asked if we wanted to see a spectacular diving spot. Before any of us sane ones could decline, the K. Kids had already veered off behind Joe.

This time, the descent was very treacherous and slippery, and by the time we reached the incredible rock formation, Rex and Hank were doing twenty-foot swan dives and cannonballs.

After over three hours had passed, we began to question Joe, who would only say that we were just thirty minutes away from the lodge. Thirty minutes later, he said that we were twenty minutes away. That's when I began to watch out for snakes and spiders, and, sure enough, I got a bad mosquito bite.

The "excursion" went on, and it began to get darker. Joe suggested yet another diversion, this time to a natural water slide. Of course, the "wild bunch" were champing at the bit, but we older guys balked and asked if we could go on to the lodge.

"Sure," said Joe with his Dutch-Australian accent. "Just follow the trail. It's only twenty minutes away." To which we old farts rolled our eyes into our head and struck out on our own. Then he called back to say that we should not go "over the second suspension bridge," that if we did we would have gone too far.

After thirty more minutes of walking both downhill and uphill, we had gone over three bridges. They didn't appear to be suspension bridges, but then, couldn't that have been misunderstood as well? One of us wanted to go on, but the other three voted to go back and try to find the others. It was getting darker, and we seemed to be lost.

We walked back uphill until we ran into the others, only to find that we had been going in the right direction all the time. By the time we pulled into the lodge clearing, my feet were numb and spasms were dancing along my back like a drop of water across a hot skillet. Oh, about the second suspension bridge? There is only one, and it was closed for repairs.

I can't speak for the others, but I was ambivalent about the five-hour "march into hell." I was very happy to know that I was in shape enough to survive it, but those resulting ferocious muscle spasms and swollen knees and ankles were on the verge of ruining the rest of my vacation. Bottom line: would I have gone had I known it would be a five-hour fiasco? The kamikazes loved Joe, but I considered him an asshole.

Friday, February 27th

SYDNEY: DOES ANYONE HERE KNOW SHIATSU?

The following day we drove back to Sydney and checked back into the Millennium. Bruce frantically called around to find a masseur for me, but everyone tried to supply us with a masseuse. Finally, at eight in the evening, a young man showed up with a folding table. I'm sure the hotel told him that we had insisted upon a man, so I wasn't surprised when he seemed a little ill-at-ease. His expression changed, however, when we spelled out exactly what we wanted. He did shiatsu on my back and legs for an hour, at times bringing me to the brink of tears of pain. I would be sore for several days, but the excruciating back pain was gone and I could easily walk.

Saturday, February 28th

Next morning, we all gathered at the restaurant near the El Alamein Fountain and had breakfast together. The others were amazed to see me free of pain, and I was glad to see that the other "march" veteran seniors had no ill-effects more serious than blisters. The kamikaze kids, I figured, were probably plotting to parachute off the Sydney Tower.

Kings Cross was now filled with a lot more gays and lesbians who were there for the Mardi Gras parade. There was a festive mood, and it was already grow-

ing.

Later that evening, 17 of us joined the estimated 750,000 in Sydney for the parade. But we didn't have to look for a vantage point. Fearless Leaders had purchased grandstand tickets for us, so we got to watch the parade in comfortable reserved chairs on bleachers.

The parade, notorious for late starts and chaos, finally reached us, but it was with a bang. Dykes on Bikes led the way, complete with loads of leather and more tits than a Las Vegas extravaganza. Of course, there was a whole lot of drag, but it was outrageously funny. There were group after group of marching dancers, both male and female, each group dressed alike in skimpy costumes, sort of like the samba schools in Rio. There was a contingent of Sydney police officers with a big sign that read: "We Care." There was a "dancing boys" troupe from New Zealand, and even a group of grass skirt-clad Fijians. Each group got enthusiastic applause, but the really great ones got wild, deafening ovations. Of course, I got tremendous footage.

After midnight, as we waded through the mounds of streamers and broken beer bottles down the parade route, it became apparent just how big the parade was. Street sweepers were already in use, and barricades were being stacked onto trucks. An army of volunteers were out helping with the cleanup. Snowy told us that the parade officials would make sure the city was back to normal by daybreak. And it was.

Sunday, March 1st

As Bruce recuperated in the hotel room on our final day, Snowy and I walked from Williams Street and Darlinghurst to the Royal Botanic Gardens, whereupon we walked the length of Woolloomooloo Bay, all the way around Farm Cove, through the Opera House grounds, and around to the Circular Quay, where we caught a bus for the Sydney Aquarium. There we ran into Freddy and Swiss One, who joined us in a tour of the Aquarium. Later, Snowy and I took the monorail to the Queen Victoria Building, where we had a sandwich. It was an afternoon I'll not forget. Snowy is one of the most interesting men I have ever met, and it was a joy to be able to bond a little with him. I tried to get across to him how much I appreciated what he and Rex had done for us, what with all the planning and checking out hotels and traveling all over.

Snowy's reply? "Okay, then, take us to Las Vegas when we come to the U.S. for the May Gathering."

When Hank, Bruce and I were in Sydney the previous time, we had lunch in a Neapolitan restaurant a block from the hotel. It was one of our most pleasant dining experiences, so we decided to take the whole group there for a going away dinner. Not only was it still there, but it was empty and just waiting for a mob like us to come by. The food was still quite good, and the ambience was perfect. We bid farewell to Rex and Snowy, who were returning to Goulburn, and Van and Mike, who were taking a train to Perth.

Monday, March 2nd

HELTER SKELTER TO FIJI

The next morning, Hank, Dave, Turbo, Upbeat 7, the Arizona Bares, Freddy, Bruce and I took various flights and finally met in Auckland, where we all boarded the same Air New Zealand flight for Nadi, Fiji. Arriving in steamy Fiji in drizzling darkness, we hired three cabs to take us to the Sheraton Fiji Resort on Denarau Island. Arriving at the hotel, we were met by sulu-garbed bellmen, who ushered us to the front desk. The lobby was open, so it was extremely hot and humid. After checking in, we were taken to our rooms in golf carts by the bellmen.

Our room was air conditioned and sealed out the heat and humidity quite well, so we took showers and collapsed into perhaps the most comfortable bed we've ever slept in.

Tuesday, March 3rd

Having heard that a tropical depression was northwest of Fiji and headed southeast, we decided to hire a boat and see some islands before the storm came in. That afternoon, a twin-engined, twin-hulled boat with a captain and first mate got as close to Sheraton's beach as possible, allowing Fred, Swiss One, Upbeat 7, Turbo, AZ Bares and me to board. Our remaining kamikaze kid, Hank, was in bed, sick as a dog (an omelette he had eaten in a Moroccan restaurant in Sydney), so we had to be brave. I was elected Fearless Leader.

The captain, probably no more than 25, was Fijian-Indian, having descended from the Indians the British had imported to the islands to harvest sugarcane about a hundred years ago. The first mate was no more than 21 and Fijian of African and Polynesian descent . Both were quite funny and good-natured, eagerly mugging for the cameras. The Fijian even kidded us about their history of cannibalism and smiled wickedly when we asked if the practice had really been abolished.

A far distance out to sea and among a horizon full of islands, we tried to get the point across that we wanted to find an uninhabited island to do some nude sunbathing. The captain quickly sped for an island that had a private nude beach and proudly pointed out the view of a couple of nude women. "No," we said. "We don't want to SEE nude people; we want to BE nude."

Soon thereafter we approached a seemingly deserted island with lots of bush and palm trees, but after we waded ashore we were introduced to a caretaker and sold some soft drinks. The captain then performed a photo op by effortlessly climbing up a vertical coconut palm. It was fun, but I really wanted to take nude video footage in Fiji to complement the footage taken in Australia.

Out to sea again, the Captain headed for another island, but a boat was anchored on the other side. Seeing that people were returning to the boat from the island, the captain slowly circled the island, I'm sure in order to accommodate us. But then he changed his mind and headed for a sand bar out in the middle of nowhere. "You want to swim?" he yelled out.

He slowly approached the sand bar until the boat scraped against a reef. "Okay, this is as far as we can get," he said. "Have a swim."

We stared at the sandbar in front of the boat. It was at least 30 yards away. I looked at the back of the boat into deep blue water. "How deep is this here?"

"Very deep," the captain said. "But

the reef is here." He pointed out from the front of the boat.

"Sharks?" I asked.

"No sharks," the captain said, reminding me of how Dutchman Joe had told us that there were no mosquitoes, and that the lodge was only thirty minutes away. Then I remembered someone else long ago who assured me that he wouldn't ejaculate in my mouth.

As I was about to say "no fucking way," I heard a splash. First Turbo jumped in, followed by Swiss One, Upbeat 7 and Freddy Gator. "What the hell," I mumbled, joining them.

Seeing that Turbo was standing up, I swam toward him.

"It's just a spire of coral jutting up," as if to suggest that I find my own coral to stand on, which I did.

I began to think about awful things like moray eels and began to swim back to the boat. Placing my hands squarely on the ledge between the motors, I tried to lift myself out of the water, like I did when I was much thinner and younger. AZ2 came to help me, but to no avail. Then I examined the big 150 horsepower motor and placed my foot on the propeller guard. I then reached up and grabbed onto a handle at the top of the engine and was able to pull myself onto the ledge. That's when I noticed that my leg was bleeding from coral cuts.

It's not easy for big guys like us to get onto a boat without a ladder, but our other big fellas managed to do it to enthusiastic applause. And so we sped back toward the main island of Viti Levu, all of us sporting tiny coral cuts. For a moment I thought of sharks and blood from coral cuts in the water, but then I forced it out of my mind. It had been an adventure, and we were all safe.

As we got closer to the resort, I saw Bruce waiting for us, sitting in the same spot as when we had left. I saw the relief in his eyes and felt a tug on my heart, a sensation I always feel when I see him.

Wednesday, March 4th

After breakfast the next morning we decided to go shopping in Nadi, the third largest town on Viti Levu and the location of Fiji's international airport. We piled into three taxis and were deposited in an area filled with tourist trap shops, where shopkeepers solicit your business like the strip joint hawkers in Kings Cross. Of course, I fell for it in just about the first shop we went into. I purchased a sulu (a Fijian "skirt" for men), a shirt, and some sandals, because four of us had agreed to dress native that night at a fire walking ceremony. By the time we had worked our way to the end of the main drag, I had purchased so much junk that I needed to buy another shoulder bag in order to take it back to the U.S.

The heat was so intense that we cut our shopping short and caught taxis back to the hotel. Four of us jumped into the first taxi that came by, only to find that it was filthy inside and had no air conditioning. The driver, an ethnic Indian, railed on and on about how the Fijian government continues to treat Indians like second class citizens (apparently they cannot own land) and how there will be bloodshed one day.

Back at the hotel, I tried on the sulu, only to realize that such apparel looked much better on thinner men. The shirt, which I stupidly didn't try on, was not large enough. The sandals were okay, but I knew I could have bought the same thing for less than $5 at Walmart. Finally dressed for the fire walking ceremony at the adjacent resort (also a Sheraton), I took one look in the mirror and almost backed out. Then Bruce chided me and said that the whole native dress thing was my idea in the first place.

In the lobby we found the AZ Bares both dressed in very classy-looking sulus and proper shirts. Fink Freddy Gator was wearing shorts and a red face. "I just couldn't wear mine," he said. "I looked like I was in drag!" he exclaimed in his New Jersey accent.

The other guests, mostly British and German, grinned and shook their heads. The Fijian staff, however, were very complimentary and felt honored that we would wear their style of clothing.

Bruce had his favorite bellman, and I had mine. Bruce's favorite, David (his English name), is extraordinarily handsome, young, always smiling, and built like a body builder. (Hey, I just described most native Fijian men!) David went beyond the call of duty to take care of "that nice elderly fellow." My favorite, Jolame (Joe) is a bell captain with salt and pepper hair, a powerfully stocky body, and a smile that made me shudder. You won't believe the tips these two men got upon departure.

Our wonderful bellmen drove us over to the Sheraton Royal Denarau next door in golf carts and pointed us in the proper direction for the ceremony. We walked among stately palms and trees that had obviously been there for a long time, well before the mangrove swamp separating the island from the mainland had been reclaimed to build a road and to develop the rest of the island. We came upon a covered ampitheatre overlooking a pile of rocks surrounded by torches. We sat and some of us ordered mai-tais (the authentic kind with 151 proof rum floating at the top).

Other guests came in, and we could see why there were so many younger people at our hotel. The Royal is where the more affluent and older tourist stay. None of them smiled, and most of them were staring at our sulus. The AZ Bares and I made sure they got a good look. I walked in a gait similar to that of John Wayne's, which really got their attention.

As darkness fell, we heard singing and chanting from behind a large hedge. All the torches were lit, then the Fijian chief made his entrance, followed by a sort of administrative assistant. Soon after, warriors paraded into the arena. All were dressed in grass sulus and arm bands. After a very long time massaging the rock and coals until they were perfect, they finally got around to walking on the hot rocks. And walk they did: every man on every rock from every direction. You could almost smell the singeing of the grass skirts. After the fire walking, they congregated for more songs and chants, then it was over.

The warriors and their chief had no sooner cleared the last palm tree when at least 20 guests ran up to the rocks to see how hot they were. I joined them and found that they were hot enough to roast a pig.

That night we said good-bye to Turbo and Upbeat 7, who had to fly back to Sydney very early the next morning, leaving only eight of us left. It was hard to say good-bye after sharing so many adventures. Bruce and I always liked them very much, but now we had bonded with them and felt a special kinship. Upbeat 7 lined us up and had someone take some final shots, then we headed for our rooms for our final night.

Thursday, March 5th

NAVALA:
KAVA IS LIKE COFFEE, RIGHT?

Since the storm had fizzled out, the forecast for the island was for occasional showers that final day. Our flight to Los Angeles left at 8:30 pm, so we had a full day to do as we chose. The hotel gave us an extension on one of the rooms so we could use it as a day room, so we left the suitcases packed in that room and booked a tour to a remote village. We figured: perhaps good photo op, see the areas no tourists saw, and drink some kava if we were lucky.

A Mercedez mini-bus pulled up with a very attractive young Fijian woman and a tall, powerfully built Fijian man, who was driving. The woman introduced herself as Sera and said she would be our guide. She introduced the man, but he remained rather aloof. She looked around at us and exclaimed, "You're all MEN!"

Someone assured her that we were, and she laughed. "It's just that we should probably revise our tour." She spoke to driver in Fijian and he nodded. "Women require different things," she went on, trailing off.

We traveled to Nadi, then went north, past the airport, toward the island's second largest town, Lautoka. The town is as industrial as Nadi is a tourist center and appeared pretty clean and neat. Although we still saw Fijians wearing sulus, we began to see more Indians, who seem to only wear long dark pants. Next was a town called Ba, which really spooked us. Virtually everyone we encountered, whether they were walking or driving, stopped and stared at us. The Fijians would smile, wave and shout , "Bula!" in greeting. Not so the Indians, be they Hindus, Muslims or Sikhs. They stared ... no smile.

We parked in front of a small Indian hotel, where we were invited to pee and have a soft drink. With the oppressive heat and awful humidity, the hotel seemed to be what I would imagine a modest hotel in Bombay would be like. I thought of what the taxi driver had said, then I remembered Sera saying that 50% of Fiji's population is Fijian, and 46% is Indian (the rest are Chinese, Korean, other Melanesians and Europeans). Ba made me shudder, and I was anxious to move on.

Crossing the Ba River, we headed for the interior of the island toward the central mountains. Eventually the paved road gave way to gravel, then dirt. Sera explained what we were about to do. We would stop off near the village of Navala, a remote mountain town which is the last village with all-bure housing. (Other villages began building houses with lumber, rock and tin, but not Navala.) The plan: we would wait inside the bus as our driver, who speaks the village's dialect, approached the village elders and asked permission to come back by after a delay of an hour.

As we climbed into the mountains, the scenery became ethereal. Rain clouds gathered around the peaks until the moisture burst free and showered the jungle, coloring it a vivid, silvery green. The road became more difficult to traverse. The bus whined up a particularly steep slope and seemed to sigh as it broke the crest. Down below there was the gauzy image of a village clinging to a gentle verdant slope that led to the river. There were at least 50 bures, each capable of housing an entire family. As we got closer, the clouds lifted and the sun came out, assaulting our eyes with emerald jungle, peridot rice fields, tourmaline grass, and golden thatched structures. As the bus halted outside a rickety gate, we looked for the inhabitants, but no one was in sight. There was a wood frame school house in an adjacent field, but the children were all inside.

The driver got out and approached the second or third bure from the road. He disappeared from view.

"This is a school for just this village," Sera said softly, pointing at the school. "All the children here go to this school, although it is not mandatory by the government." She turned to me. "School is mandatory for no one in Fiji, but our literacy rate is ninety-five percent."

We were impressed.

The driver came back to the bus and drove on, saying something softly to Sera, who announced that we would drive up to a lookout and be served a picnic lunch while the village elders prepared for our visit.

Our driver pulled the bus off the road at the crest of one of the highest passes. The view was spectacular with the Ba River about a thousand feet below us. When we got out of the bus, we were assaulted with heat and humidity, but we learned in Australia that the only way to counter heat is to sweat heavily. By the time Sera had passed out the lunch bags, we were all drenched with sweat.

Sera then explained to us how the receptions worked. There would be a kava presentation. Kava, also known as *yaqona*, made from the root of a variety of pepper tree, would be offered to the villagers in pulp form (along with cigarettes and a watch for the chief). The villagers would then mix the pulp with water and strain it to produce the beverage. The guest of honor from our group would be offered the first cup of kava, which he would drink in one gulp.

"Who will be the guest of honor?" asked Sera.

All of us looked at Bruce, who shook his head and mumbled something obviously nasty.

When the time was right, we got back into the bus and traveled back down to the village. Several small children were waiting for us by the gate but ran away as we drove through.

"The small children have never seen a white man before, especially big white men," explained Sera.

We drove slowly through the rows of bures trying to find the communal bure where ceremonies are held. At one point, the driver got out and approached an elderly Fijian sitting just inside a doorway. They had a short conversation, then the driver returned to the bus. The old man was stocky and muscular with smooth light brown skin and white hair. His eyes were kind and wise, and he reminded me of Carrol O'Connor for some reason. To my disappointment, he didn't seem to be interested in joining us. I realized later that he was, in fact, the chief.

Eventually we found the right bure, and Sera gave us last-minute instructions. She stressed the importance of not offending anyone, making me wonder just what the penalty was if we pissed off an elder.

Taking our shoes off outside the bure, we crawled inside and sat on the other side of the hut from a small group of village men and women. They seemed to be amused by us but never spoke to us after a few greetings of "Bula" as we

came in. The floor was thatched grass and very clean. It was obvious that they didn't cook and eat inside the bures.

It began to rain outside but there was no breeze to cool us off. Then the chief's designated stand-in arrived and proceeded with the ceremony. A big plastic jug of water was brought inside and poured into a large wooden bowl. A towel used to wipe the bowl clean was also used to tie around the clump of pulp. With his bare hand, a villager dipped the cloth into the water and squeezed out the liquid from the pulp. A coconut cup was used to stir the liquid, which by this time was perhaps just over a gallon. Tied to the bowl was a thick rope of coconut fibre and decorated with white cowrie shells. It was called a *Tui-ni-Buli* and it was pointed at Bruce, which meant that he was to be the guest of honor. A younger villager dipped the cup into the liquid and handed it to Bruce. I closed my eyes and imagined us both in a large pot on the huge fire. I opened them just in time to see Bruce hand the empty cup back and clap three times (as instructed by Sera). The villagers also clapped three times, and I caught Bruce's eyes. I've lived with this man for over 12 wonderful years, and I knew without a doubt that he was on the verge of throwing up. He was almost green.

The cup made its way around the room, and we all got a chance to taste this very famous beverage, which has the taste I would expect from fermented dishwater. We thought the ceremony was over, but we discovered that they were about to present a gift of kava to us as well. Sera, realizing that Bruce and one other were looking rather pale, asked for hand fans, which were passed around to us. I was gratified to see Bruce being fanned by AZ2 and Hank. By the time the ceremony had ended, we had consumed three cups each and were feeling no pain.

The next few moments were a little surreal to me. As we strolled around the village, mothers with babies came out to greet us. A handsome man started a conversation with Sera as his toddler son began to cry, and he gently picked up the child to comfort him. I saw that AZ1 had been invited inside a bure to show a group of children the playback of the ceremony on his digital camera. Some of the guys passed out apples left over from lunch to the children. The moment was laconic, the air sweet with the fragrance of frangipani and a multitude of flowers neatly growing around all the bures.

As we began our return trip, we looked back at the village. The heat and discomfort aside, it was a profound experience. We had respectfully acknowledged and intimately experienced a culture vastly different from our own. These were quite beautiful and gentle people who are in tune with nature. They are clean, healthy, and loving, and boy were we taken by surprise.

Arriving back at the hotel, we gave Sera and the driver an enthusiastic ovation, which moved them both. As we pulled back and our Fijian guides departed, I looked over my shoulder at the bell captain, Jolame. He was standing there looking like a warrior chief in his extra large sulu and shirt that could barely cover his barrel chest. He was smiling at me, and I was wishing I had one more day.

While awaiting our flight in the air conditioned waiting area surrounded by duty free shops, we alternated between sitting and contemplating deep thoughts or shopping in the cavernous shops to get rid of our Fijian money. I thought of how Bruce and I had become attached to the guys who went on the Odyssey with us. Every one of them had done their part to make it a great event, and we sincerely look forward to seeing them all again in San Diego. All of them are fine men, and we're very proud of them.

The plane arrived from Auckland, and soon we were aboard. We were served a snack, then invited to enjoy our private video monitors. I chose to watch a special documentary about Fiji and was amazed when the narrator said that there is speculation that Fijians in the outlying islands may still be practicing cannibalism.

I thought of Jolame and didn't care.

Thursday, March 5th

IF THIS IS STILL THURSDAY,
THEN WHY IS IT MORNING?

As Bruce guarded our bags, I caught a bus for the "C" parking lot near LAX. I planned to fetch the van and drive it to the terminal to pick up Bruce and our bags and say a quick good-bye to the others. When the bus deposited me near where I had parked, I was relieved to see the vehicle in one piece. I reflected upon the trip and wondered how I was ever going to remember all the details. Only then did I allow myself to think about all the work I had to catch up on.

And then I placed the key in the ignition and turned it. The battery was beyond dead.

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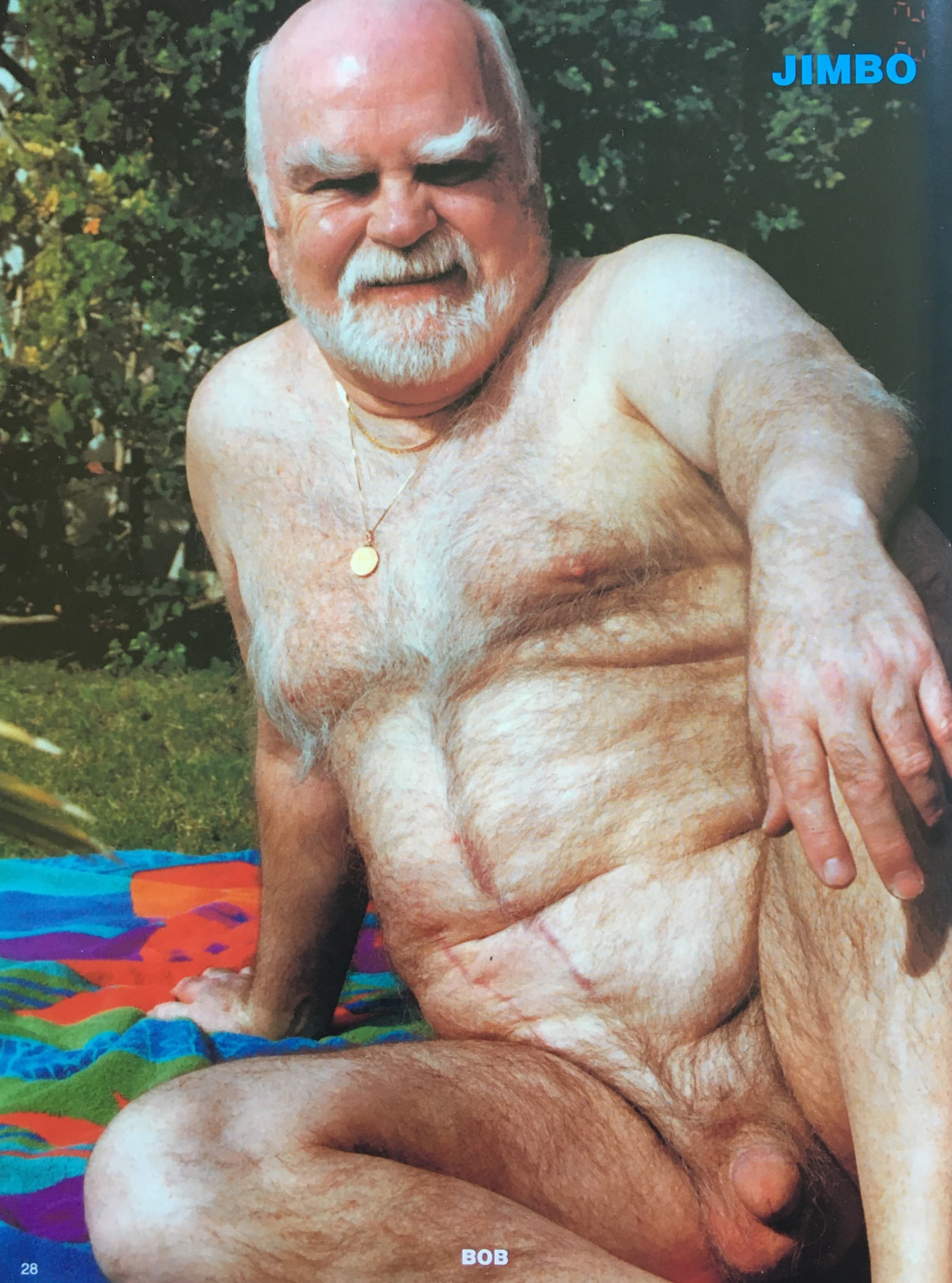
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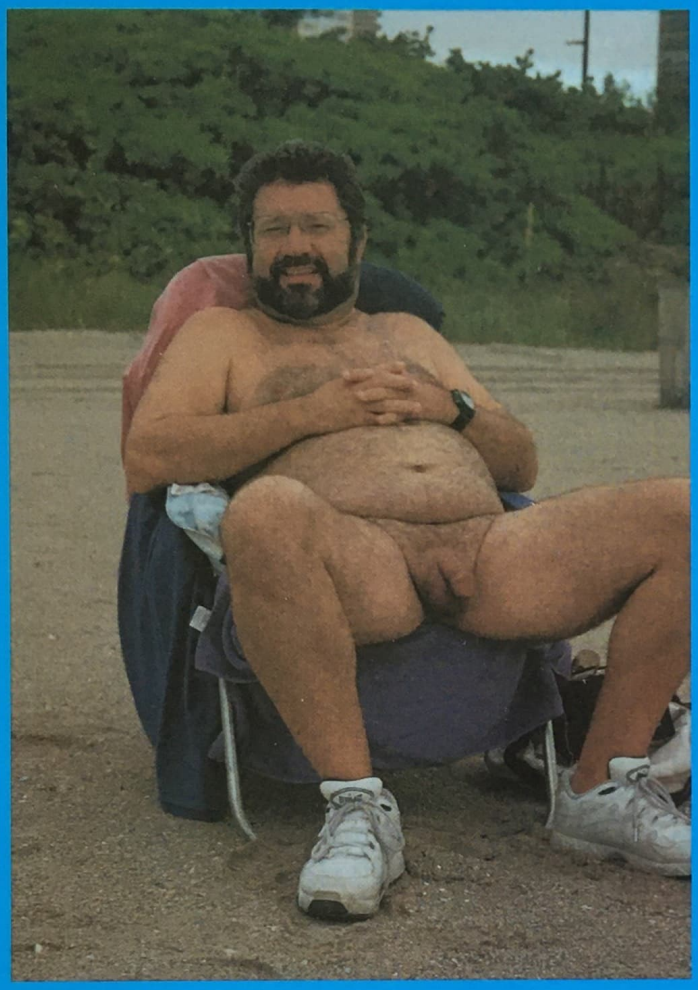

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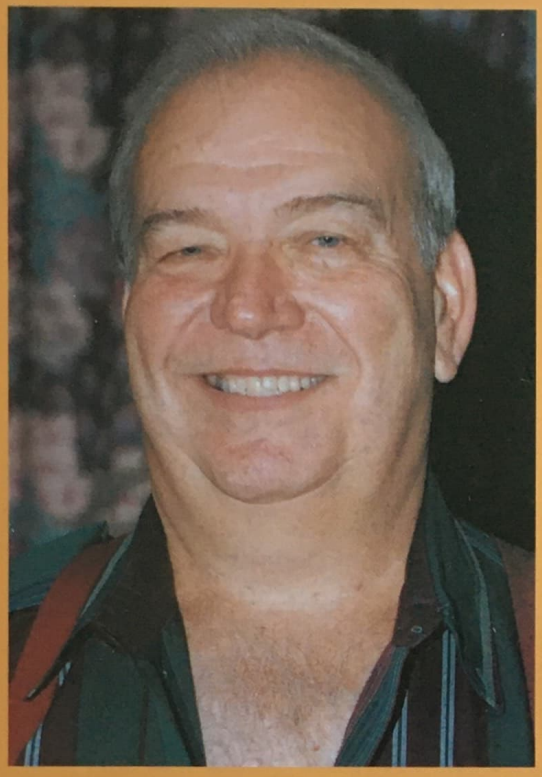
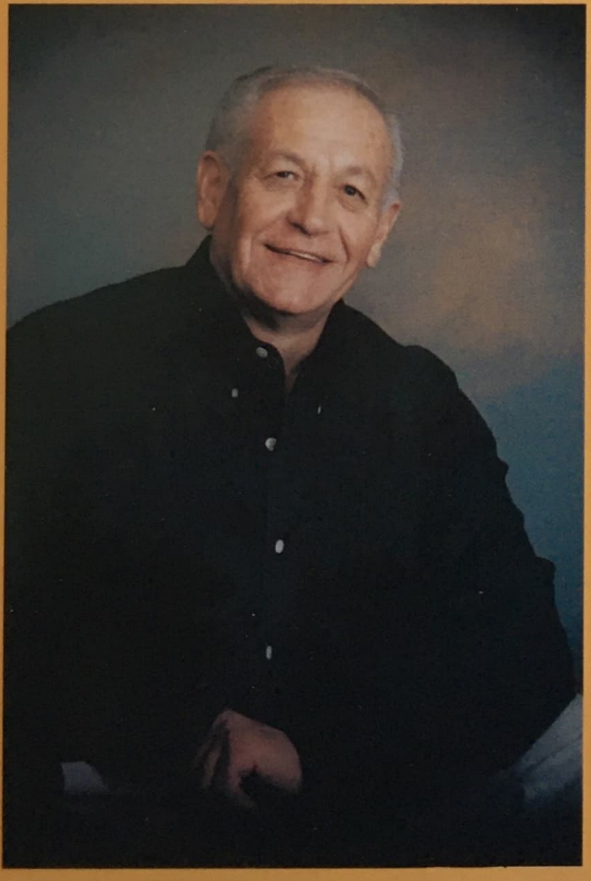
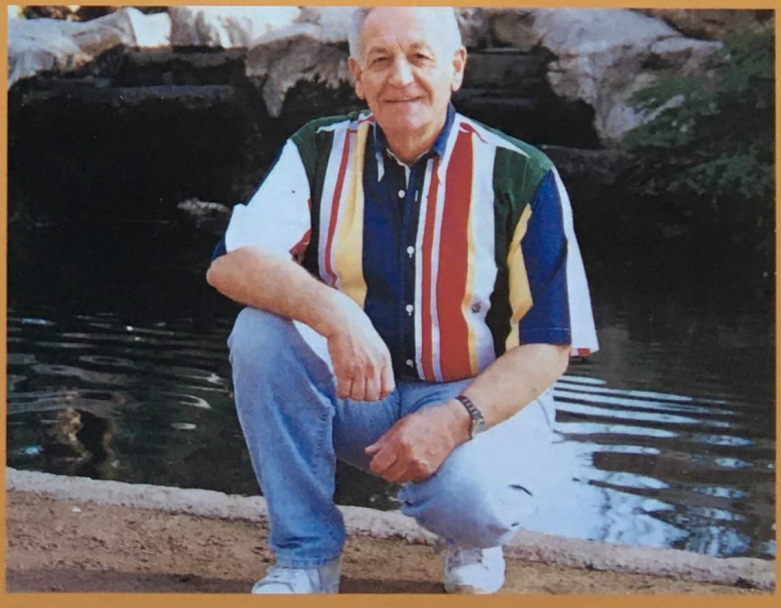




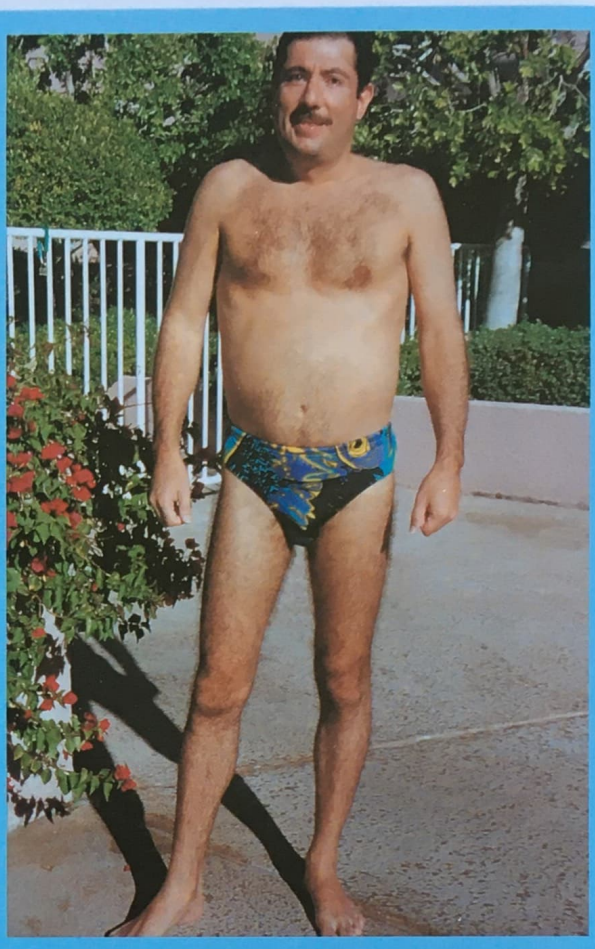


SKIP

norris

PER & WARREN mike deveau

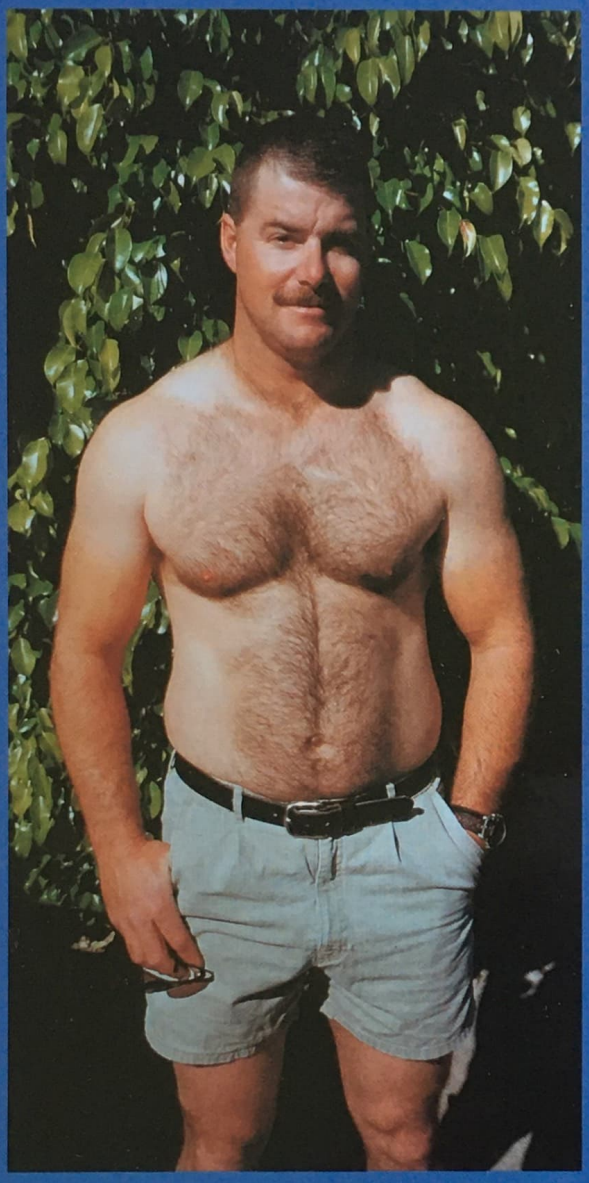
HAIRY CUB mike deveau



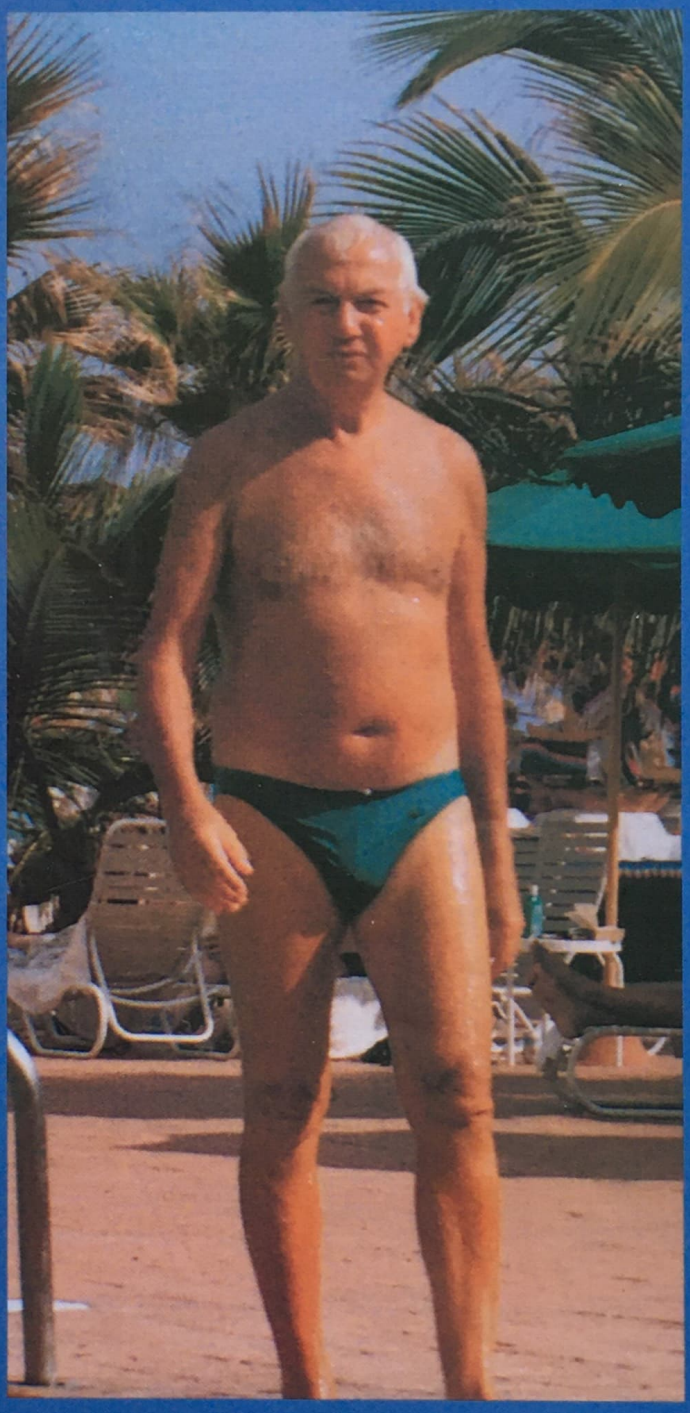
BEACH BRIAN jack

BENNIE tomcat

CUBBY mike deveau



SAN FRANCISCO JACK brian



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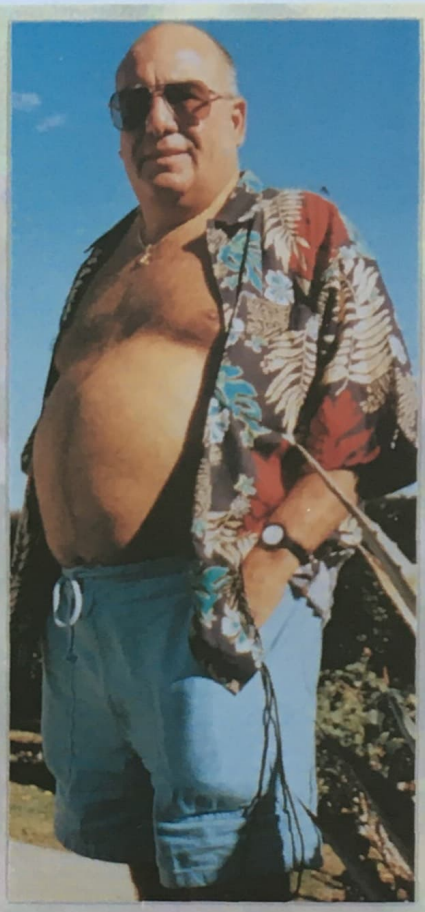
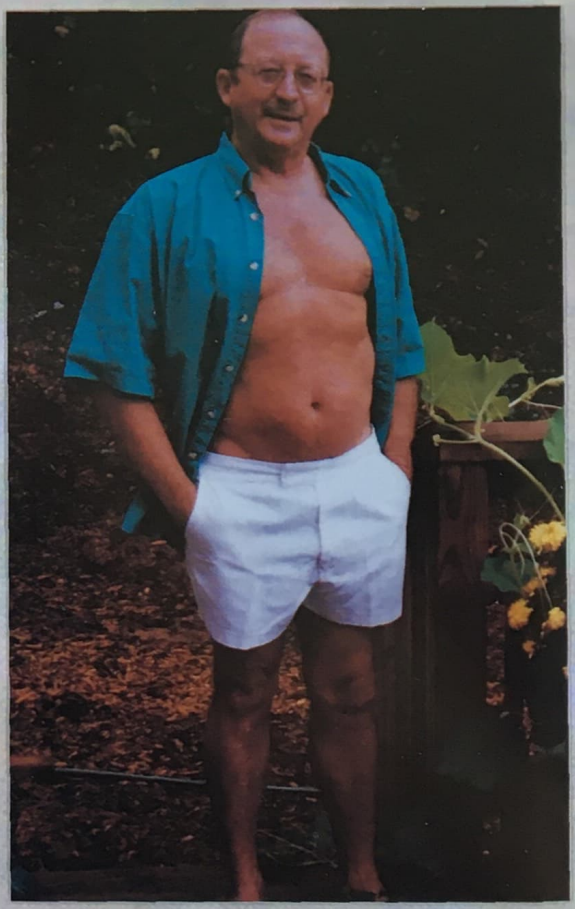
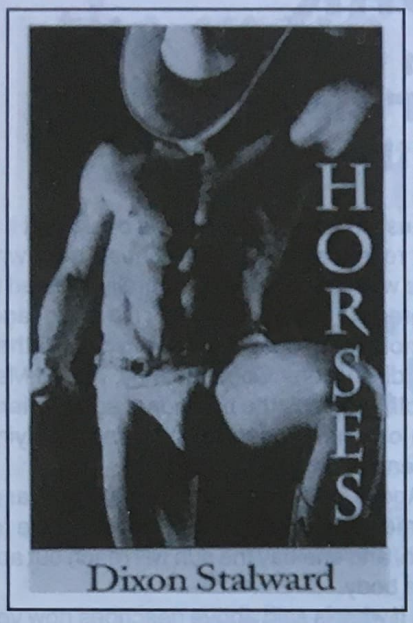




SMOOTHY

LOGAN rfs



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mascot by kemush

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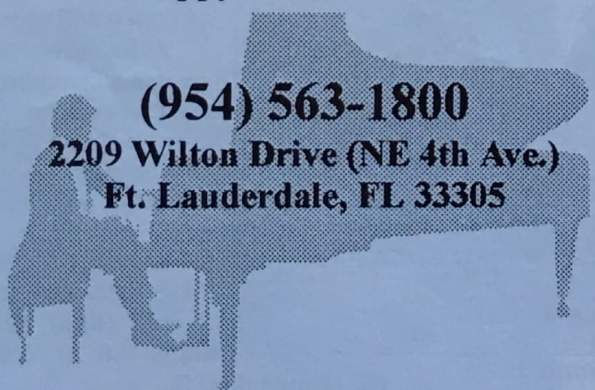

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THE RITUAL

by ben boxer

Justin, a sloe-eyed fellow whom I met in Martinique, was a taxi driver. His mother was Vietnamese, his father French. We met when I hired him to drive me from a small hotel outside Fort-de-France to the foot of Mount Pelée, a West Indian volcano that erupted in 1902 and destroyed the town of Saint-Pierre.

Beyond those almond-shaped eyes in an otherwise very French face, there was nothing remarkable about his appearance except that he was small and looked much younger than his thirty years.

"I'm going to Saint-Pierre," I told him, thinking it better not to mention that I intended to hike up 4500-foot Mount Pelée after I got there. The hotel staff had warned me that superstitious islanders thought the mountain an unholy place. The manager had gone so far as to send for a priest who tried to dissuade me from attempting the climb. That failing, the priest offered me the Last Rites, which I refused.

Anxious for a good fare to the other end of the island, Justin agreed to drive me. Typical of a Martinican *pilote*, which translates not as pilot but as guide, he drove his cab as if it were a jet fighter weaving through an aerial dog fight. It occurred to me the greatest danger on the island was in traveling on its roads, which were very much alive. At least the volcano was dormant.

He showed me around the remnants of Saint-Pierre. There was a museum featuring artifacts of the eruption. Housed in its cellar was the old jail that had protected one of the town's two survivors from death on that terrible morning in May when the volcano burst apart. A shower of fire, gasses, and lava had killed 30,000 luckless inhabitants. We scrambled over the ruins of the church where terrified worshipers died when the roof caved in. Even ships had been blasted out of the harbor that day in 1902.

Justin blanched in horror when I finally mentioned climbing Mount Pelée. "I wouldn't have brought you if I'd known that. Nobody goes to the devil mountain. Besides, it's infested with fer-de-lances, a deadly snake. They hide up there to get away from the mongooses brought here in the 19th century to kill them."

"I know," I replied.

He gave me a piercing look.

"Why would a man, well, a man..." he began, but I read his thoughts and finished the question for him.

"A man my age?" I said. "Why would an old fellow like me want to climb the devil's mountain and walk right into hell?" I couldn't help but grin. "Because, young man, the devil's been on my tail for years and hasn't caught me yet!"

He shrugged and shook his head. He could see that I was a lost cause.

He drove me up the slopes until the road came to an end. I expected him to leave me there, but as I offered to settle with him for the ride and asked him to wait for my return, he pushed my handful of francs aside.

"You don't get rid of me so easily," he laughed. "First, we drink together. Come." He pulled a bottle of greasy-looking liquid from the boot of the cab, and a thoroughly filthy glass. "My spare," he explained, and poured a thimbleful of the stuff. "You should mix it with water, but under the circumstances I think we'll drink it neat." He downed it and poured another, handing the glass to me. "Piss probably tastes better," he said, "but this will have to do." It was island rum, thick as syrup and reeking of fermented sugar. Awful. It went down like boiling oil, but it hit the spot. We drank three apiece. I never felt so good.

"Thanks," I said, "and now I'll be on my way. If I'm not back by dark, forget it. See you in hell."

He grabbed my arm, lifting the bottle to his lips with the other hand and draining it. "You go nowhere without me. The devil takes us together, my friend."

He started ahead of me up the path which was gently graded and bordered by tall grasses. He chattered over his shoulder about the Martinican girl he had married when he first came out from France at eighteen. She had been fifteen. She was always pregnant. Another child was due any day.

A mass of clouds sat far above us on the mountain top like a soft crown. Meadows ran off to the side and tumbled down toward the sea. There was nothing menacing here, and I wondered about all the talk around the island that the mountain was dangerous. It was a leisurely walk upward for about a mile. The afternoon sun colored the grasses bluish when they bent in the breeze. Looking backward and downward, I could see the ocean glistening far below. Not once did a snake cross our path. My visions of adventure began to fade.

But the ease of the climb allowed time to watch Justin plodding ahead of me. The bright red kerchief he had wrapped around his head had turned dark with sweat. He wore a red-and-black plaid shirt with khaki pants and a pair of ancient sandals. Once, he turned off the path to urinate in a mighty stream that arched above the high grass and glinted like a rainbow in the sunlight.

He hooked his left hand over his penis, holding the tip with two fingers, his little finger lifted daintily in the air, and thrust his pelvis forward, spreading his legs far apart for leverage. It reminded me of a childhood game I had played with other boys, when we vied to see who could pee the highest and farthest arc.

Not until that moment, when I saw him with his eyes closed and his head thrown back in a kind of ecstasy, did I begin to want him. Despite a certain

roughness and swagger, he had about him an Asian delicacy undoubtedly inherited from his Vietnamese mother.

He opened his eyes and looked at me. There was something in the way he quickly turned away that suggested he had caught the drift of what was on my mind. He zipped up his fly urgently. He seemed embarrassed and self-conscious. Then he strode ahead with occasional glances over his shoulder at me, as if wary of a more sinister menance than deadly snakes and a devilish mountain.

The going got rougher.

Justin seldom looked back at me then, neither did he stop to relieve himself again, nor did he speak. I concluded that he was frightened upon sensing that I was gay. My heart went out to him. He had been noble in defying island tradition by ascending this devilish mountain with me. It hardly seemed a fitting reward that not only did he have to fear satanic superstition and the deadly serpent known as fer-de-lance, but also the other human being hiking with him to the top of his world.

Finally, near the summit, we got lost in heavy fog, and once I stumbled against a rock. I felt Justin's hand grab my arm to steady me, but he didn't say a word. Then the sun penetrated the fog and cleared a patch in front of us. We stood on the edge of a dark crater still befogged in its depths.

"So that's it," I muttered in disappointment. "This is all there is? No sulphurous vapors, no leaping lava? Hell, Hawaii does it better!"

Justin made no reply. He simply turned and started back down the trail.

The sun was setting when we got back to the cab. Two boys sat on the bonnet sucking freshly cut sugar cane. They jumped down when they saw us. One ran to Justin and jabbered in Martinican patois. Justin swaggered slightly and smiled benignly at the kid, jabbering in return. The little guys ran off down the mountain.

For the first time since the pissing incident on the trail, Justin addressed me. "Thank you, my friend," he said softly. "I think you have made me a sort of hero around here. Those boys will tell it far and wide that Justin has gone up to meet the devil and has come back alive." He pronounced his name in the French manner, as "zhus-tan." He said it proudly and broadly in a throaty way that gave me a twist in my stomach. It made me want him more than ever. But I was shy about those things. I gave a macho nod and did not comment.

The famous "emerald glow" of the tropics struck just about then. The sun fell below the horizon; there was a startling, explosive flash of brilliant green, and then darkness. No twilight. A sudden rush from day to night.

In the taxi, Justin seemed more relaxed and cordial than he had on the mountain. "It's too late for sundowners," he said, "but now is the time to drink anyway. Let's go to a cafe."

A few miles farther on, he turned into what looked like a junkyard, but was actually a tiny Martinican village. The proprietress of the "cafe," which was really a rundown shack featuring half a dozen tables covered with ragged oilcloth, greeted Justin effusively in good French. They appeared to be old friends. The two of us sat down while the huge black woman fetched a couple of glasses that looked as greasy as the one he kept in the boot of the cab. Before us in the middle of the table sat an open bottle of the same reeking rum syrup.

"This is how it is properly done," he said, mixing two fingers of rum with a generous pouring of tepid water from a cloudy flask set on the edge of the table. We drank several glasses apiece.

After that, he lifted his final glass to me with a grin. "You hired me to drive," he said, "and that's what I plan to do."

We returned to his taxi. I got in the back seat. He drove slowly without talking, then turned off the road about a mile before reaching the hotel. We were on a heavily wooded point of land jutting into the sea. There were no houses, people, or other cars in sight. He cut off the engine.

It was obvious Justin had something on his mind.

Eventually, he turned quietly in the front seat of the cab and spoke through the darkness.

"My friend," he began, "I really like you. You were a brave man to go up the mountain after hearing all the tales they tell about it on the island. I only went because you shamed me by being ready to go alone. How could I let you do that? You are a stranger here. I feel responsible for you. I must admit I was afraid of you on the mountain after you watched me pee. I thought you might try to touch me, or do some strange thing to me, but I see now this is not your way. You do not take advantage. I am sorry I had such thoughts about you."

He spoke from his heart. It was difficult for him, I knew, and his words made me sad.

"It is no fault of yours, Justin," I said. "You cannot help the way you are, nor can I change myself. I would not have embarrassed you in that way."

Privately, I felt chagrin that I had behaved so obviously as to make him feel uncomfortable.

He sighed deeply and turned back to the steering wheel, but made no move to start the car. We sat in silence for a time until suddenly he got out and opened the boot. He came then to sit beside me in the back seat. In his hand was a towel and a bottle of export-quality rum he had bought at the cafe.

"You have done a favor for me today by making me appear to be a brave man like you," he said. "I want to return the favor in a way I think you will appreciate."

In the moonlight he looked at me sideways. His fingers gently stroked his fly. The meaning was clear. I nodded my acceptance of his "favor."

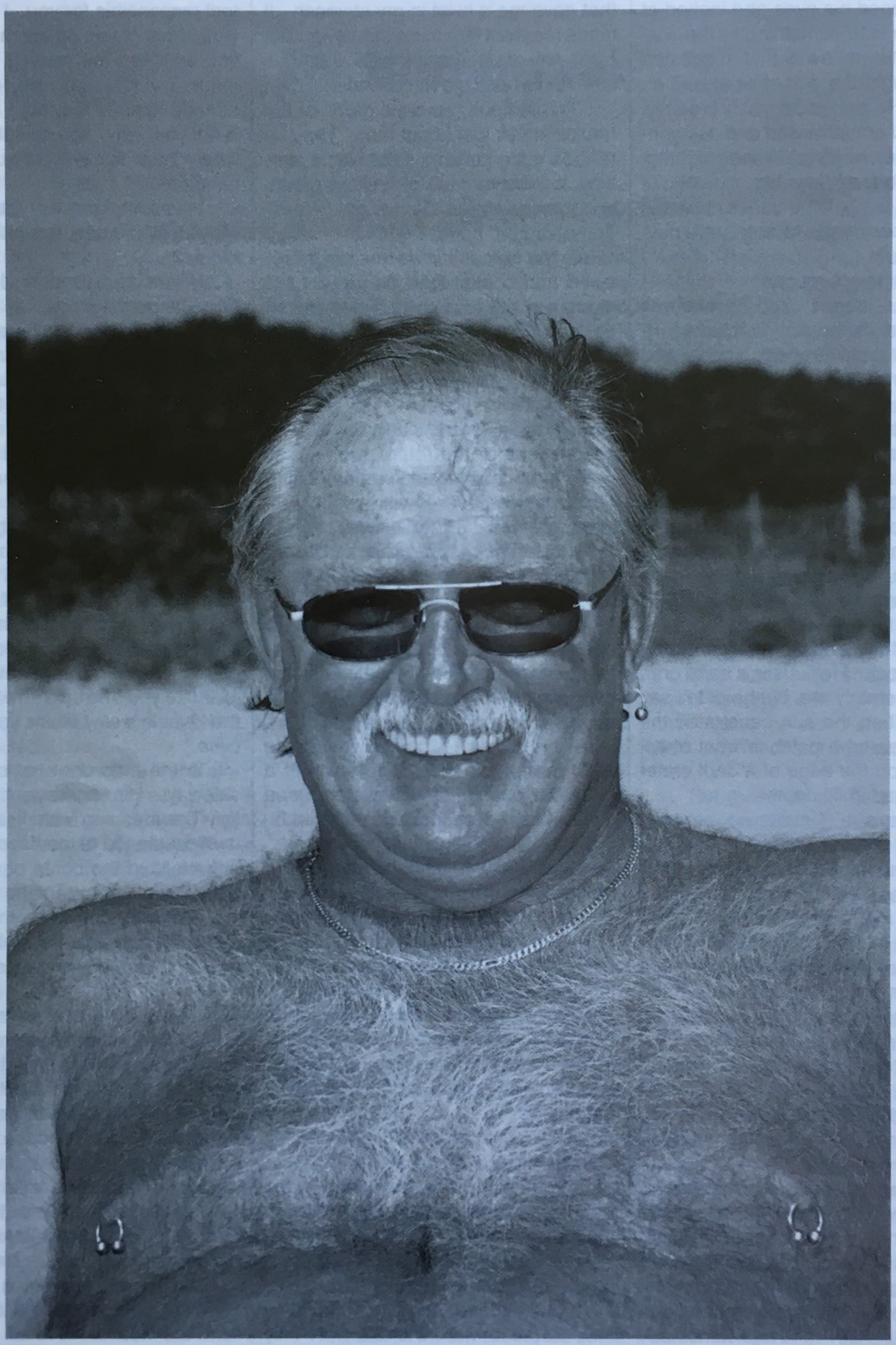
He lifted the bottle of rum and the towel.

"We took our baths this afternoon in mountain sweat," he explained apologetically. "I will clean myself with these first."

Removing his trousers and folding them over the front seat, he performed his ablutions with a ritualistic delicacy beautiful to behold. Then he leaned back, lifted his hand to the back of my head and guided my lips to his lap.

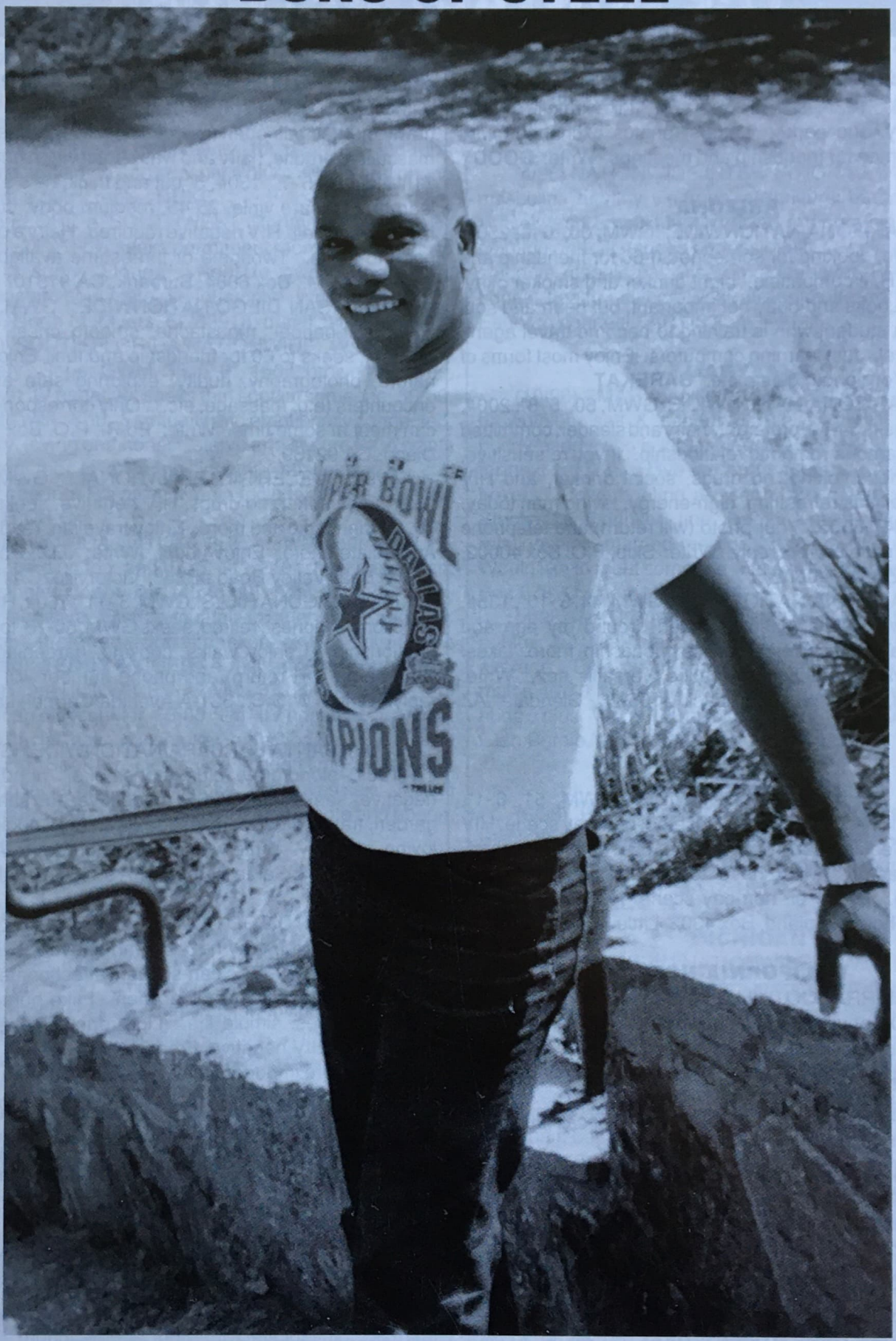
After that night, he asked if I could stay on in Martinique for a while longer. I was able to do so until his fifth child was born two weeks later. While we waited for the birth, Justin and I went out driving every evening after dark - with a bottle of rum and a towel - to perform the ritual of his favor.

DAN BEAR



PHOTOMAN

BUNS OF STEEL



DIRTY HARRY

THE CONTACT NETWORK

ALABAMA

(4/98) ALABAMA/INTERNATIONAL: In-shape, healthy, retired, 5'-6", 143#, still frisky at 70. Like travel, nature, photography, and parks. Letters, photos exchanged with active, 55+ men for friendship and meetings. Write: **GOODY**

ARIZONA

(4/98) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, looking for someone 30-60 for friendship and possible LTR, if compatible. Light drinker and smoker okay. No drugs. Looks and body not important, but heart and soul are. I am a student who is training to become travel agent. Love to travel. Just learning computers. Enjoy most forms of safe sex. Your photo gets mine: **BAREKAT**

(4/98) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 5'-8", 200#, gray hair, seeks 34-50, preferably hairy and slender, committed to a monogamous romantic relationship. If you're sensitive, attractive, nonsmoking, no drugs, social drinker, and HIV negative, call this refreshing, high-energy, loving man today. Call (602) 347-8305. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write: Skip, P.O. Box 40002, Phoenix, AZ 85067-0002

(6/98) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 44, 5'-10", 135#, Brown/Brown, seeks masculine men around my age and older, any race, for correspondence, friendship, more. Likes: music, movies, gardening, romance, versatile sex. Write: C.D. Green, 8290 W. Camelback #105-28, Glendale, AZ 85303.

ARKANSAS

(6/98) ARKANSAS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 51, 6'-1", 180#, athletic, fit, independent, closeted, non-gay scene, HIV negative. Seeking quality gentleman, 65+, with good heart, mind, character. Must have totally straight, masculine appearance. Prefer bi, non-gay scene gentlemen. Write. Exchange photos. Roland, Box 4302, Little Rock, AR 72214.

CALIFORNIA-NORTH

(4/98) SIERRA FOOTHILLS/WESTERN STATES: GWM, 66, 5'-7", 140#, physically sound, emotionally stable, financially secure, non-drinker, seeking an affectionate, mature gentleman for friendship, hopefully leading to a meaningful relationship. I enjoy classic cars, outdoors, travel, and learning new things. Write: M.K., P.O. Box 1473, Jamestown, CA or call (209) 533-8647.

(2/99) BAY AREA: Romantic, healthy, sexy, good lookin' (I've been told), active, intelligent, funny, 69-year-old, hoping to find a mature man to date. Object: matrimony. I'm 5'-10", 190#, white hair, blue eyes, smooth body with "average" build. Bill Jones, 324 Larkin St. #52, San Francisco, CA 94102.

CALIFORNIA-SOUTH

(4/98) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Fun-loving and happily horny, masculine and versatile GWM seeks assertive man. Size, age, potency not important; responsiveness is. You are masculine and you kiss and hug passionately. I am 65, 5'-10", 215#, 6" cut, hairy, talented and enthusiastic. Extra-special feature: I am also one-half of newly merged pair open to occasional threesome. Partner is masculine, erudite, hairy and was a total virgin until the age of 71!! Now 76, 5'-7", 150#, 5" cut and thick, he's a quick, easy learner. You are virile, 25-45, medium body, cut and hung medium to small. HIV negative required. Hairy a plus. We are open to ideas. Twosome or threesome available. Try us. Write: Fred M., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(4/98) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 54, 5'-11", 235#, salt-pepper, moustache, smooth chest, masculine, discreet, seeks to 60 for friendship and fun. Enjoy outdoors/nature, photography, nudity, exploring safe and sensual encounters (e.g. massage, etc.). Only correspond with those can meet at some time. Write: Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(4/98) DESERT/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 74, 6 ft., 155#, nonsmoker, no drugs, HIV negative, seeks same, 45-70, for friendship and more. Enjoy traveling, reading, videos. Appreciate photo. Enjoy uncut. Write: J.D., Postal Annex, 17100 Bear Valley Road #B253, Victorville, CA 92392.

(4/98) LAGUNA HILLS: GWM, 5'-11", 160#, HIV negative, affectionate, honest, retired, seeks GWM, 50-75, for friendship/relationship. I enjoy walks, cooking, gardening, traveling. Your photo (will return) and phone number will get prompt reply. Write: W.O.C., 321-A Avenida Carmel, Laguna Hills, CA 92653.

(4/98) SANTA BARBARA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 67, 6'-1", 180#, blond/gray, blue, nonsmoker, nondrinker, HIV negative, seeks trim, 35-65, friend/lover for sharing home, garden, travel, movies, massage (licensed), cooking, dining, loving, intimacy. Write with photo (returned) to Alan Fisher, P.O. Box 40333, Santa Barbara, CA 93130, or call (805) 565-0169.

(4/98) SAN DIEGO COUNTY/SOUTHERN CA: Fun 68, 6 ft., 175#, GWM, gray/hazel, clean-shaven, seeks honest, intelligent, slim, 30-40, clean-shaven, affectionate man who is sincerely appreciative of older men. I like humor, being at home, antiques, simple life. Light drink/smoke okay. No drugs. I am HIV negative, French A/P, Greek P. Your heart and mind more important than looks. Your photo (will return) will get a prompt reply. Write: M. Murphy, P.O. Box 2206, Carlsbad, CA 92018, or call (760) 434-2336.

(4/98) VENICE: GWM, 83, 6'-2", 180#, healthy, active. Seeks GWM, 70-90, any size, for friendship and more. Photo and phone on request. Joe Mahon, 2532 Lincoln #142, Venice, CA 90291.

(6/98) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: WM, 39, 5'-8", 165#, professionally employed hairy man seriously seeks an affectionate hairy man with a marriageable daughter in order to make more beautiful hairy men. J.C. - (909) 396-1453.

(2/99) LAGUNA BEACH/NATIONWIDE: Couple, open relationship, 58, 5'-9", 160#, hung, and 65, 5'-8", 185#, hairy, seek safe sex/friendship with energetic mature male(s),

especially furry bears. We are HIV negative, discreet, oral, tit, and reciprocal. Peter/Jack, 1494 Glenneyre, Laguna Beach, CA 92651, or phone (714) 497-3548.

FLORIDA

(6/98) SOUTH BEACH (MIAMI): GWM, 60, 6 ft., 189#, salt & pepper, HIV negative. Loves cooking, traveling, walking. Seeks 30-55 GM, manly, for possible long-term relationship. Affection and sensual a plus. Photo and phone number get a quick reply: **DUKE**

(6/98) FLORIDA, SOUTHWEST: Roommate wanted. Bi/W/M, 65, 5'-11", 190#, seeks permanent roommate over 55 to relocate in sunny Florida. Rent to own. Friendship, companionship, soul mate, serious only. Write: R.C., P.O. Box 4038, North Ft. Myers, FL 33918, or call 941-656-3911.

(4/98) SOUTH FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Wanted: Man in Recovery. Sober GWM, 36, 5'-8", 160#, brown hair/eyes, hairy body, HIV negative, seeks that special someone, 55-80, to share life with. You: Spiritually and emotionally connected, in recovery, loving and honest, stable and secure, who wants to grow together in a caring, intimate relationship. I can relocate if needed. For prompt reply, include photo and phone number. **RICH C**

(4/98) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: GWM couple, 67, 5'-11", 215#, bald on top; and 67, 5'-11", 240#, light brown hair. Seeking singles or couples (45 to 80), honest, clean, drug-free, HIV negative, French-mutual, for friendship and sex. Nonsmokers preferred. Social drinkers okay. Write (photo appreciated): **TEDDY & TIGER** - e-mail: **tig69ted@aol.com**

(4/98) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 5'-11", 195#, am looking for an older senior, 65-80. I'm HIV negative, gray hair, clean, no facial hair, nonsmoker, affectionate, considered good looking. Seek fun, intimacy, and good times with senior who has no facial hair, is nonsmoker, and loves sex. Visiting South Florida? Send photo. Will exchange photo and phone, e-mail. Write: **SENIOR57**

GEORGIA

(4/98) ATLANTA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 6'-3", 215#, salt & pepper 'stache, hairy body, bald, swimmer's build, masculine, CR model (CRC #9), retired professor, single, seeks GWM, 30-50, emotionally and financially secure, no smoking/drugs/excessive drinking, fun-loving, masculine, in-shape, for companionship and safe sex. DIXIE DICK, 1791 Slopewood Bend, Marietta, GA 30062-1874. Fax: (770) 977-8233.

(4/98) ROSWELL, GEORGIA: GWM, 80, 5'-10-1/2", 220#, brown eyes, gray/white hair, 5" cut, widower, retired teacher, affectionate, masculine, seeking nonsmoker, no drugs, moderate drinker, 60-85, for friendship, pen-pal and more. Enjoy hugging, kissing, fondling, mutual J/O, French A/P. Your photo with phone # gets prompt reply. Inquire: **ROBI**

(4/98) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, fifties, 5'-6", 170#, bald, stash, likes sex, HIV negative, no smoke/drugs, seeking masculine, medium hung top, 40-64. Closed committed, monogamous, long-term relationship. Marriage? Yes! Photo, please. **JLN**

ILLINOIS

(4/98) ILLINOIS/NATIONWIDE: Old hippie seeks tall, lanky, cool dude, 55+. If you like sharing, fun times and good memories, I may be the one for you. Am 5'-8" 140#, ravaged-looking, devoted, a cuddler, and solvent. Write: H. Goldstein, 829 Aldine, Garden Apt., Chicago, IL 60657.

MAINE

(4/98) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: 54, 5'-11", 185#, masculine, healthy, vigorous, into culture: baroque opera and actively and ambitiously involved in figurative drawing and painting portraits/nudes professionally. Seeking colleagues, students, models, patrons, comrades, lover. Please be clean, honest, healthy, sincere, vital, and enjoy life, art, love, and sex. Eager to connect. **ARTIST**

MARYLAND

(10/98) MARYLAND: GWM, 39, 5'-8", 180#, single, brown/blue, salt & pepper beard, well-built, seeks 45-70 buddy/daddy who is into racing, NHRA, IHRA. To start team for next season. Have car and knowledge, boxers and silk boxers. Powerboating as well. Too many options to list. Smokers and drinkers fine. Humor a must. Please, no open relationships, married men or reformers. Yours gets mine. Would like to meet someone with similar interests. A.C., P.O. Box 578, Owings, MD 20736.

(4/98) NATIONWIDE: GWM Couple, 66, 5'-8", 165#, s/p, blue, cut, well-hung; and 34, 6'-3", 235#, blue, brown, cut average. Both clean-shaven and moderately hairy. Seek males 40-70 for fun and friendship. Clean-shaven and well-hung a plus. Write: Chad and Morgan, 115 S. Meadow Drive, Glen Burnie, MD 21060.

MASSACHUSETTS

(6/98) BOSTON/NATIONWIDE: GHM, 38, 5'-6", 230#, Black/black, smooth body, into husky/hairy bears (manly). Love music, theatre, good times (hopefully more). J.R., P.O. Box 35081, Brighton, MA 02135.

MICHIGAN

(8/98) MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 37, 5'-7", 155#, brown hair/eyes, mustache, masculine, discreet, honest, caring, very affectionate, presently in open relationship. Looking for older man between 50-75 for friendship and maybe more if the right spark is there. I prefer grandpa or masculine types over 50 yrs and 200 pounds, chubby or fat, with big firm belly and butt. Grey or white hair, balding, lots of body hair, beard or mustache, under 5'-7". Over 5'-7" should be over 250#. A nicely shaped large butt is a big plus. Send letter with photo to: G.S., P.O. Box 531472, Livonia, MI 48152.

(4/98) MICHIGAN: Christian GBM, 50, 5'-8", 165#, muscular, masculine, hard body, nice buns. Loves sports, movies, theatre, traveling, music, seeks nonsmoking top, aggressive, trim GM for monogamous relationship with the right gent. Serious only. Write: R.W., 430 Kellogg #109, Ann Arbor, MI 48105. (313) 761-5975.

MISSISSIPPI

(4/98) BILOXI: Retired professor desires to meet clergy, professional men, blacks. Am 71 years of age, Christian worker in church. Am available for travel to visit and for visitors to see me in my apartment. Write: J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

MISSOURI

(4/98) ST. LOUIS: Hello to all, two nudists here. We are fun-loving, down to earth guys who love sex but also want long-term friendships. We're clean and healthy, into cock enlargement, jock straps, leather. Also into organic gardening, both vegetables and flowers. Love to share ideas on gardening, cock enlargement, and would love to meet friends. We're 52 and 62. Come visit and try our home-cooked food and true, sincere friendship. Will answer all and drive to meet all. Age, race not important. Just be clean and healthy and drug-free. Come on, guys, do write. Love you all! Art and Paul, 10360 Concord School Road, St. Louis, MO 63128.

NEW JERSEY

(8/98) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 69, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(4/98) NEW JERSEY/NATIONWIDE: Asian, 41, 5'-6", 160#, attracted to older men over 60. Enjoy loving and being loved. Would like to meet someone for friendship or more. Plan to go to San Diego for the gathering and open for the right person to share the good times together. Photo appreciated. Write: D.L., P.O. Box 298, Mays Landing, NJ 08330.

(6/98) MOUNT HOLLY: GWM, 80, 5'-8", 150#, spiritual path, highly sexed. Service to others. Perfect health. Minister. Simple living. Peace. Kent R. Larrabee, 46 Brainerd St., Mount Holly, NJ 08060.

NEW MEXICO

(4/98) CLOVIS/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 67, 5'-7", 185#, S & P hair, 'stache, full beard, brown eyes, glasses, HIV negative, seeks younger or ? guy who honestly enjoys caring for an older, dominant (but loving) top. I am open to relocating. Pluses but not requirements: small in stature, hairy, uncut, pierced, tattoos, easy going, good-humored, stable, honest, no drugs, prefer no smoke, service-orientated. Sex not the major factor; personality is. **NMBOSS**

NEW YORK

(4/98) NEW YORK CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-10", 155#. This isn't the typical ad. Don't want to even suggest that I'm perfect, because I'm not, and you don't have to be either. Only be a younger, attractive, trim, masculine GWM, who is warm, sincere, honest and caring. (It's beginning to sound like a typical ad.) Must be HIV negative, drug-free, only an occasional drinker, and sincerely interested in a beautiful monogamous relationship. Let's find out all about each other through letters and photos. We may be pleased at what we discover. You may find my background as a performer interesting. Speaking of performing, I still can!! Write: **STILL PERFORMING**

(10/98) WESTERN NY/NATIONWIDE: Professional GWM, 57, 5'-6", 158#, bald, S & P goatee, blue eyes, enjoy jeans, boots, casual life-style. Seeks partner, preferably in late 30s or early 40s, who is outdoors, jeans, boots type of guy. Enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, and keeping in shape. You should too. Nonsmoker. Will relocate out west in next couple of years. **WRANGLER**

(2/99) LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 72, 6 ft., 235#, attractive, silver-haired and bearded, affectionate, hairy. Seeks man over 50 for long-term relationship and to share my interests in the performing/creative arts, gardening, the beach, romance, and travel. Please send photo and phone # to **LIBEARART**

(4/98) NEW YORK/WORLDWIDE: Puerto Rican bottom, 57, 196#, bald, dark skin, submissive, seeks dominant men. Write: Emilio Cruz, 582 Southern Blvd. #24, Bronx, NY 10455.

(2/99) BROOKLYN/NATIONWIDE: Couple, 57 & 54, 175 & 186, 5'-1" & 6'-2", balding/hairy & smooth/red hair, both cut. Seeking friends and couples in NYC and nationwide. We enjoy social nudity, small gatherings, theatre, country music. On fixed income: can't travel much, so come and visit, play. Write: Ken & Bob, 235 Adams St. #4F, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

OHIO

(6/98) S.W. OHIO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 59, 5'-10", 230#, great personality, compassionate and loving. Enjoy flea markets, antiques, travel, good food, stimulating conversation. Open to long-term relationship, good friends, mature men, regardless of age. Be open to the "art of making love." Consider relocating. Robert, P.O. Box 20172, Cincinnati, OH 45220.

OKLAHOMA

(4/98) OKLAHOMA/NATIONWIDE: Not looking for a relationship, this very oral 85-year-old thinks he's still 60 and enjoys life just like he did at that age. I'm 6 ft, 210#, cut, affectionate, a cuddler. Enjoy corresponding and short-term visitors. Interests are the arts, vocal and piano music, nature, cooking, reading, nudity. Sooner, 1417 Locust St., Woodward, OK 73801, or call (580) 256-7284.

OREGON

(4/98) FOSTER: 61-year-old submissive white male, HIV negative, 5'-10", 170#, seeks dominant, strong-willed but gentle young master, 25-35, who would like to live in rural Oregon. No convicts, please. Please write: Supplicant, P.O. Box 231, Foster, OR 97345, or call (541) 367-2817.

PENNSYLVANIA

(4/98) PENNSYLVANIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 6'-2", 265#, clean-cut country boy with broad shoulders, seeks men, 45+, husky to heavy builds, hairy a plus. Have various interests. Send letters, photo if possible, to H.G. Bartley, P.O. Box 7, Forrestville, PA 16035.

TEXAS

(8/98) TEXAS: NATIONWIDE: GM, 42, masculine, handsome, 5'-8", husky, clean-cut, loyal, sincere, and passionate. Seeking monogamous long-term relationship with a sincere white male over 60 (no facial hair). K.O., P.O. Box 704, Cedar Park, TX 78630, or call Kevin @(512) 846-3821.

UTAH

(10/98) WESTERN STATES/NATIONWIDE: 59, 195#, athletic, good shape, love all sports, hairy chest, hung, masculine, nice guy, HIV negative, French A/P, safe, discreet. Seeks hairy GWM, masculine, average to large equipment, nice guy, no kink, married okay. Pluses: stocky (not real heavy), extra hairy, bald, facial hair. All answered. Looks or age not important. Sincerity is. **DAN MACK**

VIRGINIA

(12/98) GEN XER, GBM: from Maryland, 6'-1", 275#, cute, and looking for a Dad. I'm a guy into all sizes, races, etc. Interests range from reading and writing to computers, music and just having fun. Sexually, I'm into it all. E-mail: **yng1@tomco.net**, or contact Nate, P.O. Box 13411, Arlington, VA 22219.

WASHINGTON

(4/98) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: World-traveling man seeks friends around the world to share adventures with. I ski at Sun Valley, Idaho, sail on Puget Sound, and travel extensively. I'm 6'-1", 215#, 61, hairy, bearded, affectionate, and aggressive. If you want to know a man who has a good heart, let me hear from you. Photo/phone appreciated. Sam, Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(4/98) CENTRAL MEXICO: GWM, 60, 5'-11", 240#, thinning blond-grey hair, hairy chest, father of three adult children, seeks correspondence from men, 18-50. If you smoke and drink socially, that's fine. I do as well. I am a still-working, self-employed professional who enjoys music (country to classical), cooking, entertaining, gardening, travel, reading, great conversation, and mutually pleasurable hot, hot sex. I am HIV negative and you should be as well. Looks not important as long as you are passionate and our interests in and out of bed mesh. A casual relationship? Absolutely. A long-term relationship? Definitely. Write: **AMIGO**

(4/98) RIO DE JANEIRO/WORLD-WIDE: GBM, 35, 5'-9", 140#, bearded, friendly, humorous. Enjoys travels, beaches, movies, plays, going out with friends, quiet evenings at home, cuddling, safe sex, top. Seek 45-60, salt and pepper, hairy, bearded (a plus). Pen-pals welcome. Photo gets reply. Especially interested in hearing from those in UTAH. Write: N.H., CP3586, Rio de Janeiro/RJ, 20.000-970, BRAZIL.

(4/98) ARGENTINA: GWM Caucasian, 58, 5'-7", 150#, 7" uncut, HIV negative, brown hair, grey-green eyes, hairy chest, healthy, slim, masculine, versatile, good-looking, successful professional, retired, secure, and independent. Likes travel, theatre, reading, music, arts, nature, beaches, gym, hiking, and all good things of life. No smoking, light drinking, no drugs. Based in Argentina, spends long seasons in USA and Europe. Looking for a nice, charming, fit, slim/muscular, attractive, masculine silver fox, a man's man. Write: R.M.Z., CC 94, Suc 48, 1448 Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA.

(4/98) INTERNACIONAL: Somos dos amigos, Brasileiro y Argentino de 60 y 55 años. Procuramos amigos, robustos o gorditos, "GWM," mayores de 45 años. Apreciariamos retrato. Podemos hospedar. Escribir: Juan V. Soulet, Rua Conde Lage, 54/101, CEP 20241-080, Rio de Janeiro, BRAZIL. E-mail: **juar@antares.com.br**

(4/98) GERMANY: GWM, 53, 5'-9", 210#, healthy, professional, seeking friends older than me, chubbies welcome. I like reading, music, art, nature, nudity and traveling. Live alone in the country in Bavaria near Salzburg and can have visitors. I am versatile, like to please. Letter with photo gets mine. Write to: H.W. Bernt, Hinterschnaitt 1, 83317 Teisendorf, GERMANY.

(6/98) WORLDWIDE: GWM, 55, 6 ft., 180#, white hair, in-shape, possessing a variety of interests, motivated, sincere, honest, seeks senior, 65 and up for friendship and more. Prefer husky and stocky. I can travel and give hospitality. Detailed letter and photo essential. Write: **AMICO ITALIANO**

(8/98) NATIONWIDE: German Bear Daddy, dominant, 51, 6'-5", 220#, nonsmoker/non-drinker, is looking for bearded, submissive men, 30-80, for fun times/interesting action. Sexual interests are: L/L, black, blue, red, yellow. Appreciate artistically inclined, educated men from all ethnical backgrounds. No substance abuse, recreational drugs. Come to USA irregularly; (March 1998: WA/CA) can host travelling couples/singles over here and give tourist advice for Germany. Letters and pics to JWH Ridder, Beethovenstr. 5, D-33604 Bielefeld, Germany.

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

ALL ABOUT PLACING ADS AND RESPONDING TO ADVERTISERS AND MODELS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with BOLD code names at the end of the ad and no address:

>> Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. Your return address must be shown on your letter to be forwarded. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters (over and above the forwarding fee). Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

>> IN PENCIL ONLY, lightly write the code word in the center of the envelope.

>> **Figure your forwarding fee: $1 per every three letters to forward.**

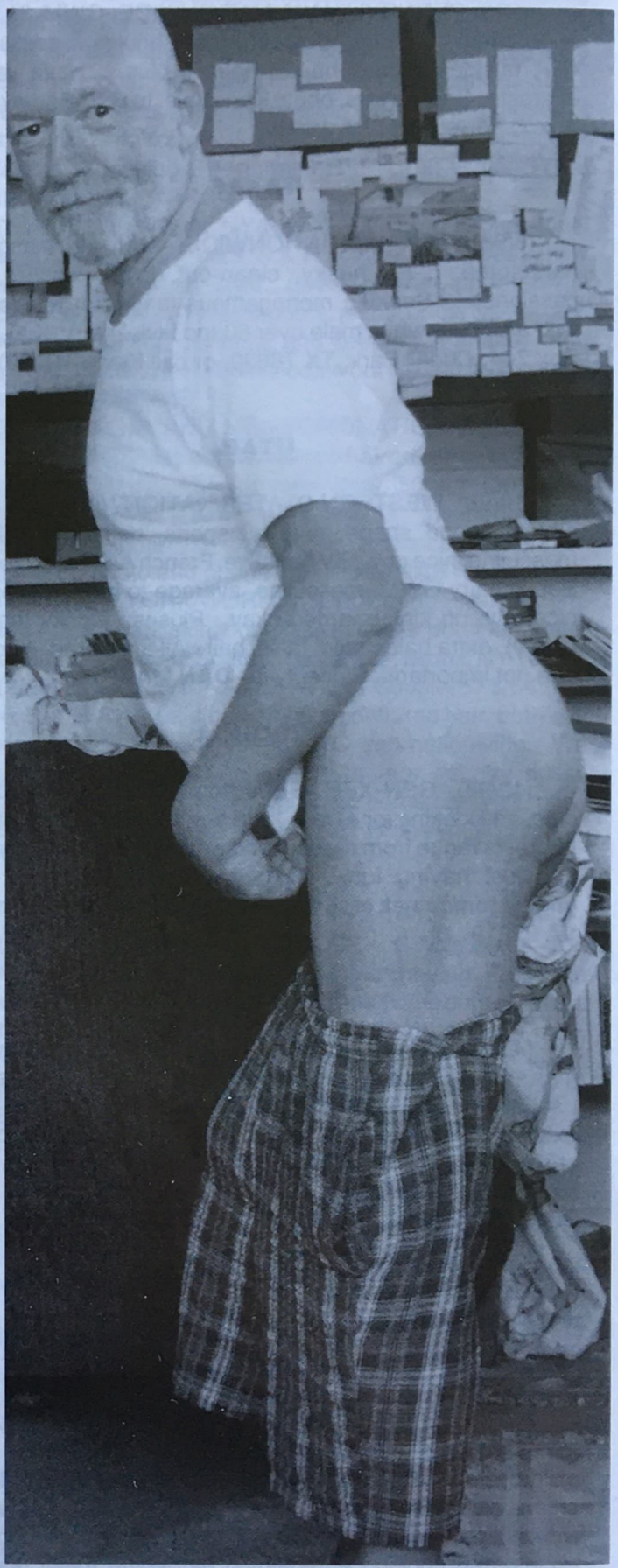
For one (1) to three (3) letters, enclose $1
For four (4) to six (6) letters, enclose $2
For seven (7) to nine (9) letters, enclose $3, and so on.

CASH ONLY!

>> Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

BIG DAVE



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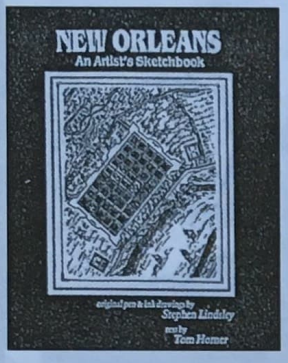

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Text by
Tom Horner

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New Orleans Times-Picayune

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P.O. BOX 887
DOUGLAS, MI 49406-0887

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Mike Deveau
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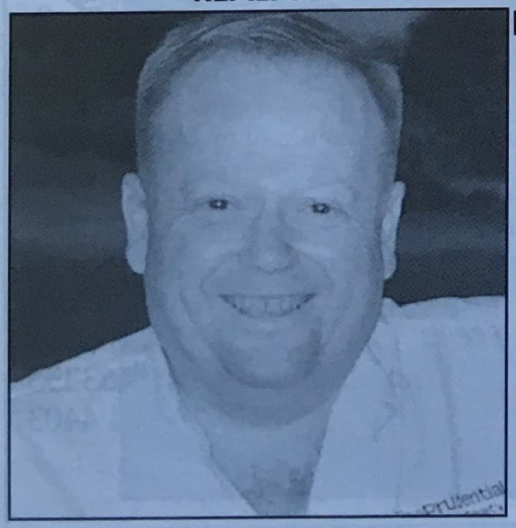

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ROGER'S PLACE

A COZY BED & BREAKFAST IN
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ON PRESTIGIOUS **NOB HILL**
(415) 441-5191

Where Fantasies Come Alive

FULL BREAKFAST • KING SIZE BED
$45 A NIGHT
($10 off to all CR Readers)

10 Years in Business

For the Mature Male and his Admirers

THE NATIONAL ROSTER

Find and contact new friends the least costly and most efficient way.

Members are listed in and receive The Roster & bi-monthly updates, with 4-line description of all other members including:

- Location (City, state, or country)
- Age, height, and weight
- Personal interests and tastes
- Sexual and social orientation & visibility
- HIV, relationship and/or marital status
- Type of contact sought (Me...You...)

After identifying those of most interest, they send for full page profiles filled out by each member giving more specific information, as well as means of contact.

Annual membership listing is $32, including bi-monthly updates of new members; *CR readers mentioning this ad can deduct $6.* Profiles are $1 for the first, and $.50 for each additional. Members with a positive HIV status pay whatever they can afford.

For membership forms and further information, send SASE to:

THE NATIONAL ROSTER
POB 20975/PACC NEW YORK, NY 10129-0009

Note: We are very selective as to publications where we advertise; our strictly confidential member lists are never sold or distributed.

The Artwork of James L. Hawkins

Life Drawings of the nude male model made during the past thirty plus years.

YOU CAN ACCESS MY DRAWINGS NOW ON THE INTERNET AT http://www.best.com/~jlh/

START ACCEPTING THESE...

AND WATCH YOUR BUSINESS...

HOME BASED BUSINESS
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1-800-655-8767 ext.#122
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Registered Agent For The Following FDIC Insured Banks: * Humboldt Bank, Eureka, CA * Redding Bank Of Commerce, Redding, Ca * * Tehama Bank, Red Bluff, Ca., * Bank of Oakland, Oakland, Ca., * First National Bank Of Central Florida, Longwood, Fl.,*

Affordable Lodging for Gay Men Over 40!

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- ▼ Make new friends

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Louisiana, Missouri 63353
(573) 754 4403

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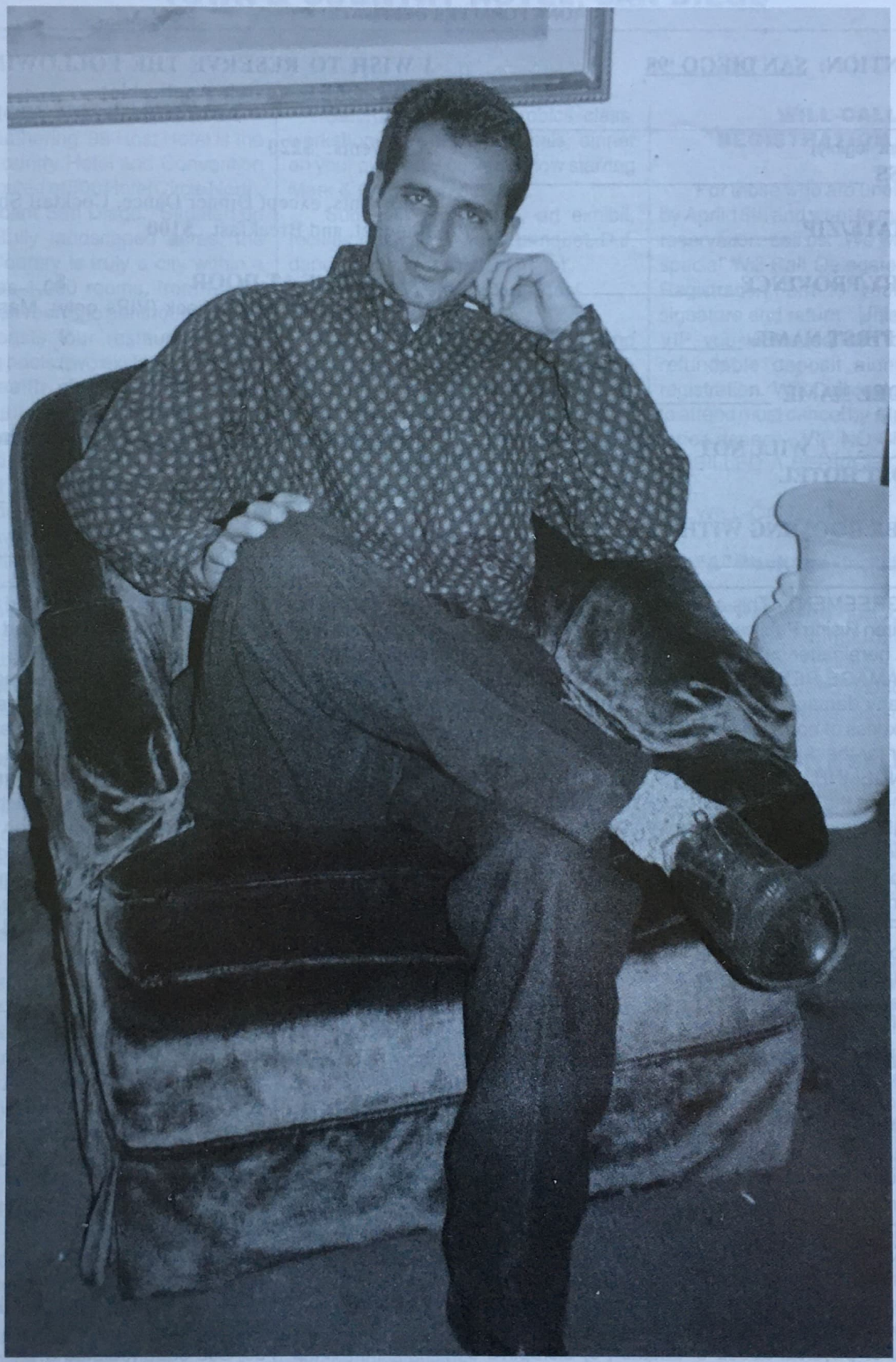

MARINE

WILL-CALL ONLY

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.

WILL-CALL REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT

(ONE FORM PER DELEGATE)

CONVENTION: SAN DIEGO '98

NAME _____
(please print legibly)
ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____

BADGE FIRST NAME _____

CR MODEL NAME _____

I WILL _____/ WILL NOT _____ BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH
_____

I WISH TO RESERVE THE FOLLOWING FOR WILL-CALL: (Circle Applicable)

All Events: **$220**

All Events, except Dinner Dance, Cocktail Show, Banquet, and Breakfast: **$100**

TOTAL DUE AT DOOR $_____
Note: Pay with cash, check (VIPs only), Master Card, Visa or American Express.

DEPOSIT: Exempt - VIPs only _____
Check/money order for $20 enclosed. _____
Credit Card (MC/Visa/Amex) for pre-authorization only.
#_____ **Exp.** _____

Signature: _____

1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damages he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon, or "thong" bathing suits. Ethnic or religious apparel is exempt.

5. WRIST BANDS: Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided wrist band at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.

6. CAMERAS: Delegate understands that absolutely no videography will be allowed at any CR venue, including dinner events, workshops, recitals, art exhibit, D.J. dancing, cabaret or pool areas. Still photography is allowed, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.

7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexually suggestive behavior, such as passionate kissing, fondling oneself or another, or exhibiting obscene gestures outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication; or d) any criminal behavior, including but not limited to genital exposure, sexual acts, or any other act deemed obscene or criminal by local laws.

8. UNAUTHORIZED EVENTS: Delegate agrees not to host, videotape, or be a party to any organized sexual event on hotel property. "Organized sexual event" is defined as any gathering organized by clandestine invitation or word-of-mouth for the purpose of promoting group sex.

9. EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in his expulsion from the convention without refund. Delegate further understands that the breach of this agreement as regards item 7d could result in arrest and prosecution.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.

Signature: _____

Date: _____

Accepted: ____
Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393
TEL/VOICE MAIL/FAX: (888) 227-2935 (within U.S.)
TEL/VOICE MAIL: (760) 868-6371;
FAX: (760) 868-0328 (outside U.S.)
E-MAIL: CRPI@aol.com

THE 8TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING - MAY 7 THRU 11, 1998
TOWN & COUNTRY HOTEL, SAN DIEGO

THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

The Gathering '98 Host Hotel is the Town & Country Hotel and Convention Center, located at 500 Hotel Circle North, in magnificent San Diego. Situated on 32 beautifully landscaped acres, the Town & Country is truly a city within a city. It has 1,000 rooms, from ranch-style garden rooms to penthouse suites. It also boasts four restaurants, four swimming pools (two exclusively for us), and a health club offering tennis, racquetball and spa facilities. A magnificent new golf course, a just-completed mega shopping center, and a new rapid transit stop are adjacent to hotel property. The airport is only 10 minutes away, and attractions such as the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Balboa Park, Mission Bay and Old Town are even closer. Wild Animal Park and Mexico aren't far away. Garden rooms are available for $90 (single or double) per day plus tax. Tower rooms are available for $110. (Note: Parking is not included. The hotel charges guests $5 per day for parking.)

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of delegates and may be made by calling the Atlas Hotel chain toll-free number, (800) 77-ATLAS (772-8527). Tell the operator that you would like to make hotel reservations for the Chiron Rising Spring '98 Gathering at the Town & Country in San Diego. Foreign delegates, please call the Town & Country direct at (619) 291-7131. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

THE CR EVENTS

Thursday: Early Badge/Wristband pickup, reception, cabaret entertainment.

Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, reception, dinner dance with Haute Chile, cabaret entertainment.

Saturday: Water aerobics class, workshops, art exhibit, recitals, dinner on your own, gala cocktail show starring Mark & Clark, D.J. dancing.

Sunday: Workshops, art exhibit, recitals, reception, awards banquet, D.J. dancing, cabaret entertainment.

Monday: Farewell Breakfast

NOTE: The Thursday, Friday and Sunday cocktail parties will utilize cash bars, which means that delegates must pay for their own beverages (except for beverages served with meals). CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties. Each delegate will receive two complimentary drinks during the Saturday night cocktail show. Additional drinks must be purchased at cash bars.

ADVANCE PAYMENT AND REGISTRATION FEES

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/24/98. Only will-call reservations will be taken after that date.

"A" Package - includes all events: thru 4/24/98: $200.

"B" Package - includes all events except Friday night dinner dance, Saturday night cocktail show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $85 per person thru 4/24/98.

CANCELLATIONS

Cancellations made before 4/15/98 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25. No refunds will be available after 4/15/98. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate. Allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of refunds. Exclude the period of April 15 through May 15, 1998 from your calculations.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise/events.

WILL-CALL REGISTRATION FEES

For those who are unable to commit by April 15th and want to make a will-call reservation, call us. We will send you a special Will-Call Delegate Agreement/ Registration Form for your completion, signature and return. Unless you are a VIP, you will be required to send a fully refundable deposit along with your registration. Will-Call customers unable to attend must cancel by May 5, 1998, or forfeit deposit. VIP NO-SHOWS WILL BE BILLED A SERVICE CHARGE OF $20.

WILL-CALL PRICES:

"A" Package - includes all events: $220.

"B" Package - includes all events except Friday night dinner dance, Saturday night cocktail show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $ 100 per person.

ON-SITE SALES

(Without Reservations)

"A" Package: $250, provided space is available.

"B" Package: $110.

NOTICE: PER-DAY OR PER-EVENT PACKAGES ARE NO LONGER AVAILABLE.

ACT NOW AND SAVE!

ADVANCE PAY "A": $200
WILL-CALL "A: $220
ON-SITE "A": $250

ADVANCE PAY "B": $85
WILL-CALL "B": $100
ON-SITE "B": $110

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
PREPAID REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT

(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE)

CONVENTION: SAN DIEGO '98

NAME _____
(please print legibly)
ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____

BADGE FIRST NAME _____

CR MODEL NAME _____

PACKAGE SELECTED _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

I WILL _____/ **WILL NOT** _____ **BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL**

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH
_____

1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damages he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon, or "thong" bathing suits. Ethnic or religious apparel is exempt.

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6. CAMERAS: Delegate understands that absolutely no videography will be allowed at any CR venue, including dinner events, workshops, recitals, art exhibit, D.J. dancing, cabaret or pool areas. Still photography is allowed, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.

7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexually suggestive behavior, such as passionate kissing, fondling oneself or another, or exhibiting obscene gestures outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication; or d) any criminal behavior, including but not limited to genital exposure, sexual acts, or any other act deemed obscene or criminal by local laws.

8. UNAUTHORIZED EVENTS: Delegate agrees not to host, videotape, or be a party to any unauthorized gathering organized by clandestine invitation or word-of-mouth for the purpose of group sex or any other activity which could damage CRPI's reputation or relationship with the hotel.

9. EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in his expulsion from the convention without refund. Delegate further understands that the breach of this agreement as regards item 7d could result in arrest and prosecution.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.

Signature: _____

Date: _____

Accepted: ____
Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

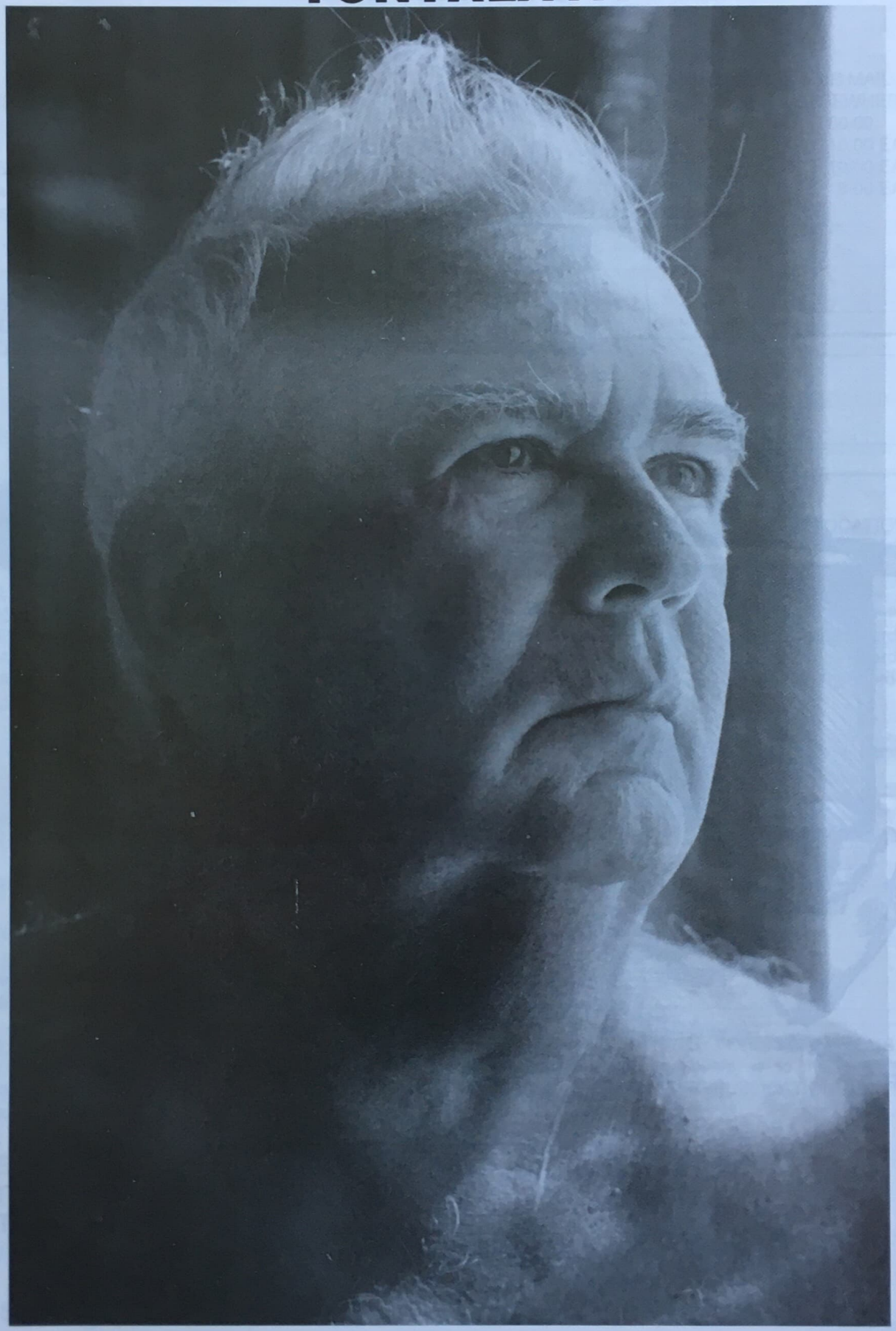
Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393

TOLL-FREE VOICE/FAX: (888) 227-2935

OUTSIDE USA
TEL: (760) 868-6371
FAX: (760) 868-0328

E-MAIL: CRPI@aol.com

TONTALAYA



GAYFEATHER

RAY ROMERO

CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM

MAGAZINES

	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
SUBSCRIPTIONS		
6 bimonthly issues of CR.	48.00	60.00
CR BACK ISSUES: 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 78, 79, 81, 82, 83	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
CRCLASSICS BACK ISSUES: 7, 8	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
Special sale on blemished copies of CR #80	5.00 EA	8.00 EA

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

PERSONAL AD

BASIC AD: _____ Words @ 30 cents per word X _____ Issues = $ _____
CODE WORD: @ 5.00 X _____Issues= _____
TELEPHONE VERIFICATION @10.00 (one time charge per ad) _____

CONVENTION

SAN DIEGO '98 Package: _____ A _____ B $ _____

OTHER MERCHANDISE

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
BOOKS: QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover)	5.95 EA
THE RAM BOOK	10.00 EA
APPAREL: SEND FOR NEW BROCHURE!	
OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (Choose one and add to order)	
Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America	3.00 per order
Air Mail Postage - Europe	6.00 per order
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00 per order
ADD SALES TAX for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price	

TOTAL ENCLOSED U.S. $ _____

NOTE: DO NOT SEND CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS FOR LESS THAN $10.00

METHOD OF PAYMENT: Check ____ Money Order ____ VISA ____ MASTER CARD ____ AMERICAN EXPRESS ____

Credit Card # _____ Expiration _____

Signature (the signing of this form authorizes the above charges):
_____
Your name, exactly as it appears on your credit card: _____
Your credit card billing address for verification only: _____

ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas-no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____
COUNTRY (If other than U.S.A.): _____
I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

ALL OUR PRODUCTS ARE MAILED DISCREETLY

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD NO LATER THAN: 6/15/98 FOR CR86; 8/15/98 FOR CR87; 10/15/98 FOR CR88

1. On a sheet of paper,TYPE OR LEGIBLY PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost by filling out the previous form.

2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.

3. If you are using a codeword (An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you), you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.

4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $10 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:
(NOTE: THE WORD COUNT IS INTENDED FOR A GUIDE FOR CUSTOMER. NOT REQUIRED FOR AD.)

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 -----59---

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

The pricing calculation for my ad is enclosed (from page 55).

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

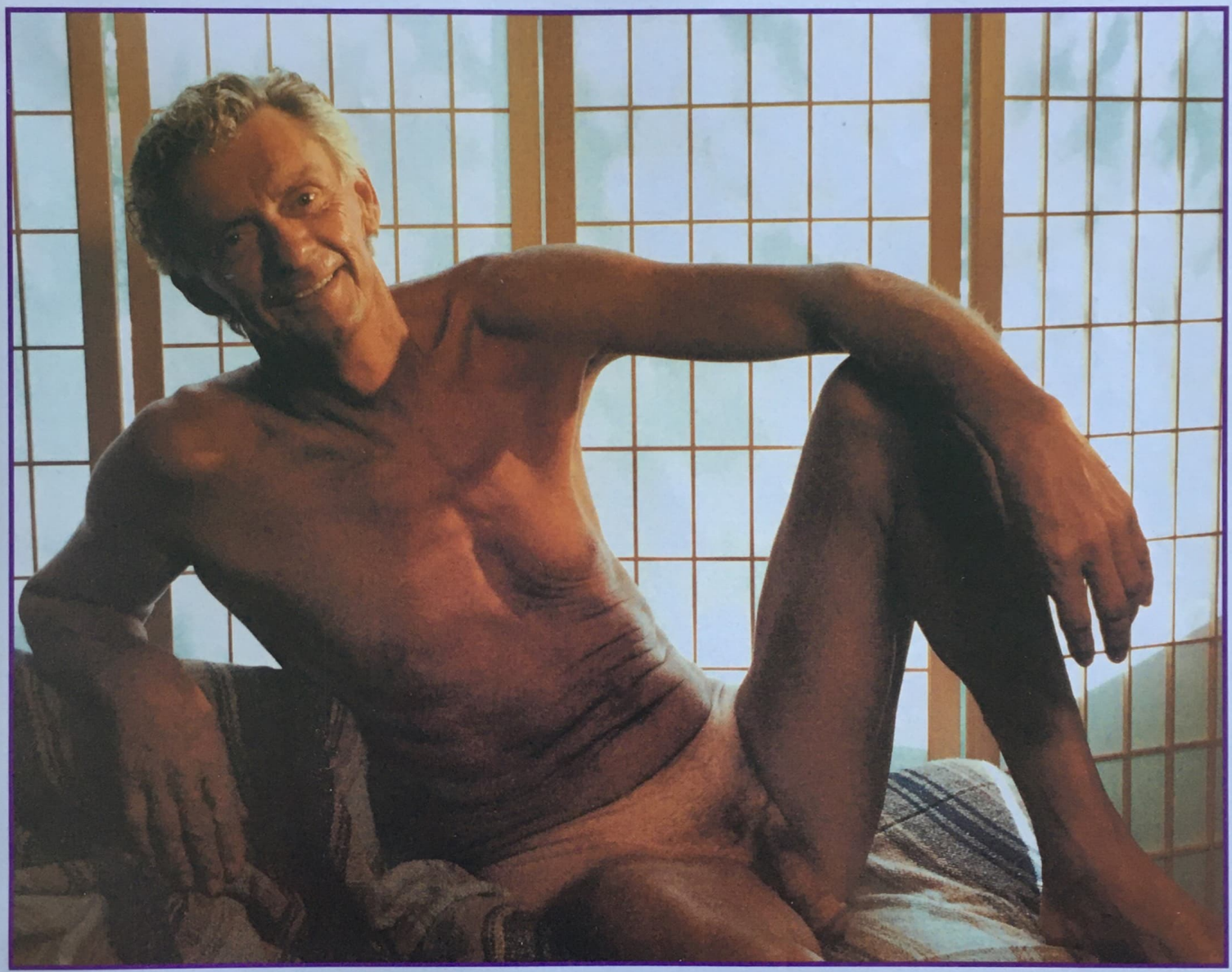
QUETZAL

I WAS TAKIN' A SHOWER, AND THIS GUY KEPT ON WATCHIN' ME!
BATHS
FREE COFFEE
Hard Water
TO BE SPECIFIC, HIS EYES WERE PRACTICALLY GLUED TO MY DICK!
THE GUY WAS JUST ABOUT SALIVATING.
IT WAS DISGUSTING! I FELT VIOLATED!
I MEAN... DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M NOT A PRUDE...
I REALIZE THAT THIS HERE IS A PUBLIC SHOWER AND ALL...
... AND I GUESS MAYBE IF SOMEBODY IS OGLING YOU, THEY THINK YOU'RE SEXY...
WHICH WOULD ACTUALLY BE KIND OF EXCITING...
ASSUMING THE SONOFABITCH WAS HALF THE STUD I AM!
©QUETZAL·1994

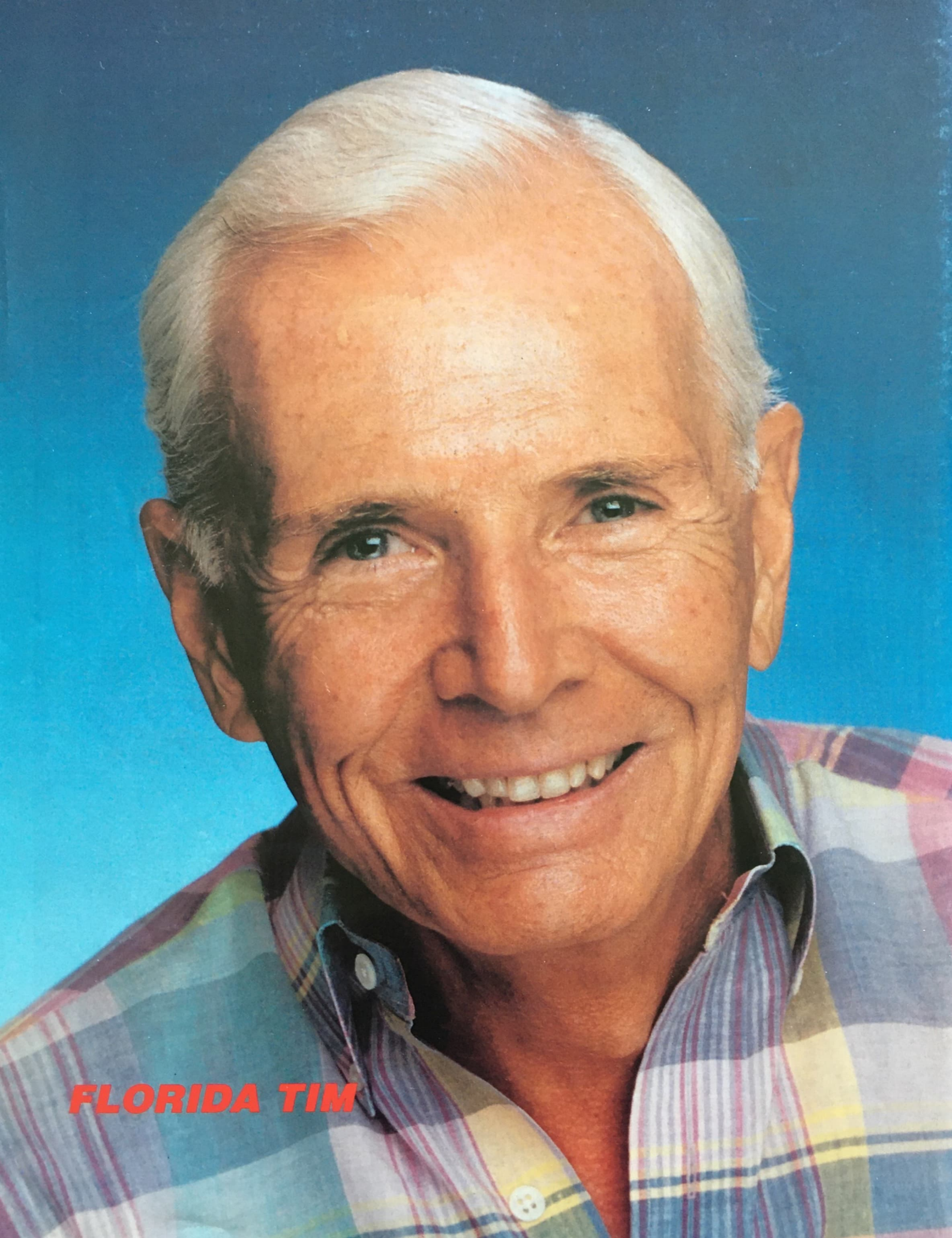
from SILVER BALLS No. 3

KENDUSH

DIXON



DUANE


FLORIDA TIM